

THE LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

[REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

No. 726.—VOL. XXVIII.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 31, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[AN ARCH HYPOCRITE.]

MORLEY GRANGE; OR, DICK MARSTON'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER IX.

Wen left Roland Langton and Dick Marston, or Howard, in an angry altercation in the churchyard.

"You can do nothing. You destroyed all the proofs, and how much is the testimony of a Botany Bay convict worth?" said Mr. Langton, sneeringly. "I tell you it is only your own ruin if you undertake it."

"Now, may heaven be praised, that wickedness is not on my shoulders. You taught me to cheat, and I practised the game for your benefit, also I let you burn a bundle of spurious forgeries. I saved the genuine from a faint hope that sometime through their means I might win Lillian myself. I did not think I was hunting her down to her grave. No, no, I never thought that, or wicked as I was I should have turned aside from my cruel course."

"The proofs not destroyed!" echoed Mr. Langton. "It is a falsehood; I won't believe it."

"You will have an opportunity to be convinced before long," replied his companion, gravely.

Roland Langton reached up one hand to untie his neck-tie, for it seemed to him he was suffocating, and the other crept into the inner pocket of his loose, saque coat, the soft white fingers closing around the handle of a pocket-pistol. But he drew the hand out slowly.

"Not here, nor quite yet."

That was what he said within, but he turned round slowly.

"Let us look over this thing carefully, Howard; if you can convince me that the child is really

alive, why that is another thing, and I will help you. But I sincerely believe you have been imposed upon. Where can I see her?"

"Nowhere. I know too much to trust her under the blighting glance of your evil eye. She is in a safe place, and I know she is the child of Lillian Marston, the friend you betrayed. You must take my word for it."

The gentleman was gnawing impatiently at his lips. He laughed pleasantly, nervously, and angrily.

"What a fool I am to trust your simple assertion. This is a trap to obtain money. You have no proofs, and no girl. I am not sure but it is my duty to call an officer of the law this moment."

"I am perfectly willing that you try it," returned Dick, coolly.

"Will you show me those proofs? Have you shown them to anyone?"

"No; I have kept my own counsel, and intend to keep it until the hour comes when it is right and safe for me to speak freely, to put the evidence in the right hands."

"Ralph Howard, you will get yourself into trouble for no good, besides annoying me. Give me those proofs and take this; it will bring you a little fortune, which you can trouble in America," exclaimed Mr. Langton, pulling off the diamond from his shirt-frill, and holding it out to his companion.

But the latter waved his hand in a gesture of supreme contempt.

"I told you before, tempter, that this world's goods, and this world's fleeting breath had no value in my eyes. I have one object left to claim my thoughts, my hopes, my efforts, and that is to right the wrong which is still crying out to me."

Langton wheeled about fiercely.

"You are a fool or a lunatic," he ejaculated, hoarsely.

"Better either than an unrepentant villain," was the cool response.

"Why need you persist in ruining a noble,

accomplished, true-hearted lady, branding with shame an innocent child? Heaven knows if I could get out of it I should be thankful."

Something in his tone seemed to touch the other. He knew enough of the maddening desperation of sinful toils not to pity the wail of anguish in the voice.

"Are you in earnest?" asked he, hastily. "Believe me, there is but one way of escape, and that lies in the path of the right. Help me in this righteous deed of restitution and you will find the only peace left to you."

Roland Langton put two trembling hands over his face, and a tear slipped through his fingers.

"Come," said he, who called himself Dick Marston, and yet did not deny the name of Ralph Howard. "I know by myself that even at the eleventh hour the heart of a poor sinner may repent and turn to the right. Come, sir, follow your better nature and help me in the matter."

"Give me time," faltered Langton; "I am sick and dizzy. It will be terrible to face the world."

"Better the world's sneer than heaven's frown," was the grave reply.

"And you assure me that there is really a child, that your proofs cannot be set aside, and are in reach at any time?" questioned Langton.

"I do. The proofs are safely hidden where no one but myself can find them. The child, though entirely ignorant of her rights or parentage, can be brought forward at once. Further than that, I will not trust you till you have given me proof of your sincerity."

"It is enough, more than I deserve, Howard. I ask your pardon for all I have said to you. You have shown me my own wickedness. I will help you."

"Now may heaven be praised," ejaculated the other, joyfully.

"I will meet you here again to decide upon the first move. It will be terrible for me to break the news to Lady Fitzdonald. I love her, Howard, as you loved Lillian Marston," he said, in a humble

dejected voice, with the hands still hiding the face. "But the right must be done," replied the other. "You may meet me here at the same hour; no, not to-morrow. I cannot leave my work then, but the next day."

"I will be there," returned Roland Langton, and then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he added: "It is likely that I might be detained by visitors or illness. In which case you might walk past my house. This card will tell you where it is, and if you come round the back of the house you can look into the room on the right, the one opening on the right, the one opening by French windows into the balcony. The blinds are seldom down, and if I have company wait till they are gone, and then just tap on the window and I will come out or you may enter, just as you please. I shall by this time decide upon the way to act."

"So be it," replied Dick Marston. "If you deceive me now, Roland Langton, you will destroy all my faith in humanity. But I trust you this time. I cannot believe any heart is all evil."

"Indeed, indeed, Howard, you have conquered me," returned the gentleman. "Hereat this grave I acknowledge it."

And Dick Marston walked away believing him, for when he turned to look back he saw the bowed form still drooping against that lowly headstone. But when the last echo of his last step had died away, and his form was lost to view, Roland Langton lifted his head and drew away his hands from his face.

The latter was deadly pale, the eyes glittering with savage ferocity, the blue lips drawn away from the whole teeth in a malignant sneer.

"I have him now," muttered he. Let him find out what it is to turn upon me in this serpent fashion. The proofs hidden where no one but he can find them, the evil ignorant of her parentage, no single soul in his confidence. Excellent, excellent. Ralph Howard, I think you will have to come to my room to find me, and I do not believe you will leave that room alive."

And having bled rather than spoken these words, Roland Langton re-fastened the diamond in his shirt-frill, and walked hurriedly away.

James Fort was impatient for his next visit to the Vinery, and did not allow the pony to walk a step of the way. He sprang from the saddle, caught his satchel of books, and ran furiously up the steps, but did not turn in the direction of his Greek and Latin master.

"Mrs. Tennant, Mrs. Tennant, where are you?" he called.

And in response the light step of the little woman was heard on the stairs, and a moment after her happy smiling face presented itself.

"Well, Jemmy, you are wonderfully impatient. What will you have? Mr. Tennant is ready for you."

"But I want to talk with you. I want you to tell me all about it."

"About what?" still the tantalising smile on her face.

"Oh, bother, now you are teasing me," returned Master Jemmy, not at all in awe of the dear little mistress of the place. "You know I want to hear about the girl. Did she get well? Has she gone away?"

"Come and see her, Jemmy," exclaimed Mrs. Tennant, smiling joyously out of the fulness of her heart, and seizing the boy's hand she led him upstairs, and softly pushed open the chamber door.

It was a pretty picture which Jemmy beheld, although it made him open his eyes in astonishment. There was the little girl, her eyes bright and clear, and her lips smiling, although her cheek was still pale, sitting up in bed, propped up with pillows, and there, actually on his knees beside the couch, was the grave man of letters, his cheeks distended, blowing away lustily at some bright-coloured soap bubbles, his eyes dancing roguishly. He rose and put down the pipe with a comical grimace.

"So, ho! Here is my man of classic culture. What will he say to discover his master at such absurd tricks? Little one, make the best of your time here. When you are well I shall set you, too, at digging into Greek roots."

"Oh, Sidney, do you really mean it?" cried his wife.

"Why not?" said her husband, good humoredly. "Isn't it something as minds are fed how they thrive? If she will hear it I won't promise that I shan't launch her boldly into deeper mysteries."

"Is she going to live with you," asked James, eyeing the pretty, dainty looking creature shyly, for he could not make it seem that she was the same child he had seen in the outcast's arms.

"To be sure she is," returned Mr. Tennant, promptly, passing his hand fondly over the shining curls.

"She is our Lily now," added his wife, taking the little hand in hers.

"That is splendid," commented Jemmy. "I'm sure you ought all of you to thank me for being bright enough to think of bringing her here."

"Was it you," asked Lily, smiling through a mist of happy tears. "Indeed—indeed, I shall always thank you."

"And I—and I?" echoed the Tennants.

"And now," said the little mistress of the Vinery, "since it is Lily's luncheon hour, why shouldn't we all share. James, I know, is ready for it. There is nothing like a long canter for sharpening the appetite."

And she rang the bell, and held a little consultation with Ann, and came back to wheel the round table close to the bedside, and set on it the bouquet which had hitherto graced the mantelpiece.

Master James was pursuing his investigations by trying the soap bubbles.

"Why?" said he, "I should like to blow them myself. How did you colour the water, and what makes them stay so long?"

"A little trick of chemistry I learned long ago," answered Mr. Tennant, looking a little ashamed of his pride in them. "I tried the experiment to see if I remembered it correctly, and used it for Lily's amusement."

"And, oh, he has been telling me about such a wonderful thing," interposed Lily, eagerly. "He is going to make me a fairy lantern, to throw pictures on the wall."

"A magic lantern!" exclaimed James, jubilantly.

"Oh, Mr. Tennant, what a splendid one it will be if you make it."

"And mother is going to paint the picture!"

"Mother!" repeated James, doubtfully.

"Yes, mother," returned Lily smiling, in glad triumph, "she tells me to call her so, and it is as natural for me as if it was really true."

Mrs. Tennant left off her table arrangements—for Ann had brought her a tray of china—and coming to the bed-side kissed her softly.

"Yes," said she, "yes, James, I am her mother now."

"And you will paint the pictures, and Mr. Tennant make the magic lantern. Oh, dear, I wish I recited my lessons in the evening!" exclaimed James.

"We must manage to have you here on a visit when our grand exhibition is ready. And you can keep the pony here and teach Lily to ride in the saddle. But she must take her first exercises in the stable," replied Mrs. Tennant, kindly.

"Is she very sick," questioned James, in a low voice, looking sorrowfully at the little hands, in which the veins showed so plainly as they lay crossed on the coverlet.

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Tennant quickly, already jealously resentful of such an assertion. "The doctor says it is only the result of undue exertion and natural delicacy. I am going to let her sit up to-morrow, and take her out for a ride every day next week. And she is to have all nourishing diet and she will soon be strong and well."

"How good you are to take so much trouble for her," said the boy, a little wonderingly.

"Good," repeated the little woman, stopping her busy hands to clasp them fervently. "How happy it is for me, you mean."

Mr. Tennant heard it, and for once was clear enough from abstraction to comprehend and read all the gesture said.

He turned her around and looked down tenderly into her face.

"Little waiter," whispered he, "there was a corner in your heart then which I could not fill."

She laughed and blushed a little, but ended with a smile as she returned:

"You have not missed that little, I am sure?"

"No, generous, unselfish little heart; there has been no missing on my part. I am thankful the child is here."

And Mrs. Tennant went back to the child at the bedside, and presently they were all sitting around the table, and never was there a gayer or merrier party.

"How jolly this is," pronounced Master Jemmy, in a tone of immense satisfaction. "We had never anything like this before. I am sure I shall think these recitations a treat, now."

"Recitations! dear me, I've forgotten all about it. March along into my den, young man, and let me see what you have done," exclaimed the master, rising from his chair.

And James, with a comical grimace, hunted up his satchel and obeyed.

When he had finished his task he passed again

through the room, and stopped a moment to talk with Lily, who was for a moment left alone. She turned her blue eyes upon him with a grateful glance.

"I am thankful to you," said she. "You mustn't think I am careless and forget it. Next to my Uncle Dick and my new mother I am thankful to you for all that has happened."

"I am glad you don't forget him—your uncle I mean. I was almost afraid you would. And I know that would be rough on him," answered James, boy fashion.

"Forget Uncle Dick?" repeated Lily, a tear slipping over the golden eyelash. "Why, he spoke the first kind word I heard after my mother died, and I can scarcely remember her. Oh, no, nothing could make me forget Uncle Dick."

The thought was still in the child's mind when Mrs. Tennant brought Dick Marston up to see her that evening, and with delicate kindness left the pair alone together.

Dick's face was grave for all that loving light in the eyes. He half shrank back as Lily raised herself, and tried to throw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, no, my darling," said he, in tender gratitude, but with sincere humility. "Now you are so nice and clean, with those beautiful ruffles on, I wouldn't kiss a dusty old fellow like me. It will dirty them, maybe, or mess them. I'll take the will for the deed, and be thankful for that."

"I don't want the ruffles, nor the nice wrapper if they'll hinder my kissing you, Uncle Dick," said Lily, resolutely. "I've been lying listening for you to come up the walk, and thinking how you would rest me by taking me in your arms; and now I want it; and I want you to kiss me."

"Bless your little heart," said Dick, his broad chest heaving. "I don't deserve that you should think so much of me. The Lord knows I love you back all that you can ask. But now you see, Lily, things are different. You're going to be a little lady, and I am proud and happy enough in being your faithful servant, and it stands to reason we mustn't be quite so familiar."

"Uncle Dick, I don't know what you mean. I want you to take me up in your arms just as you did when I was sick, and you were carrying me on the road, being turned away from work for my sake," said Lily, almost crying.

Dick stooped down and caught her up in his arms with the strong close hug which had at first so astonished and pleased her.

"Yes, that is it," said she, in a more cheerful tone. "Now wrap that shawl round me. That is the way mother used to do when my new father took me up. Now, Uncle Dick, tell me what you have been doing to-day, and if you've work, and have a nice comfortable place to live. Mother said you would tell me."

"Yes, darling, it is all as comfortable as I could ask, and much better than I deserve," answered he, smoothing out the little soft fingers on his broad palm.

"You've got on a nice new suit of clothes. What did you call yourself a dusty old fellow for?" asked she, playfully.

"This is my best. I shall always put it on when I come to see you. I would not have taken it from anyone but the noble lady, because I must save the money I earn at the mill for other things."

"You have good work, then?"

"Yes, they were glad enough to get me. The work I do is nice work, and a man has to be trained to it, so that now there is the strike they had a great deal of trouble about it. The overseer made me a present of a guinea over the wages of the first settlement."

Lily's soft fingers were stroking his hand.

"And now," said she, "it is all beautiful, and we have nothing to hinder us from being happy."

"You haven't, certainly, little one, and I am happy when you are."

"Do you know I can't make it seem anything but a dream that I lived with Mrs. Higgins. It is so strange when that life was so long, and this has been so short."

"I would forget it all. You will never more have such experience," returned Dick, gently.

"They are so good to me here. It half frightens me, because there is nothing I can do for them, you know," pursued Lily, freeing her mind of the childish perplexities which she had concealed through the day. "If I thought there was any chance for them to be paid back I think I should be a great deal happier."

"Then rest easy, darling," returned Dick, earnestly. "They will be repaid. They will see the time, and shortly too, that they will be thankful and proud for what they have done. You will repay them in love and in goodness, and in money a hundred-fold."

The child clasped her hands and looked up in his face in an ecstasy of delight:

"Oh, Uncle Dick, you are so good to me. I heard you say something one night—one of those terrible nights on the road—and I have trembled and hoped ever since. You needn't tell me till it is sure, and I shan't say it to any one, but I know now it is true, and shall rest contented."

"Blessed child! You trust me so much," said Dick, his eyes filling with tears. "What better witness can I ask that Heaven also will forgive me?"

"Don't talk that way, Uncle Dick," said Lily, with the pretty imperious way this new life had taught her. "It almost sounds as if—"

"As if what, Lily?" repeated Dick, sorrowfully.

"As if you had been wicked, or sometime done a wrong thing, and I won't have it so," Uncle Dick.

"Child! child!" sobbed Dick, "your innocent talk is like a dagger to me. I have been wicked—dreadful wicked, Lily—but I would die forty times over now if I could only take it back."

Lily stared at him with her wide, unbelieving eyes.

"No, no," said she, "not like that. You have thought bad thoughts, maybe, or been angry, but not really, truly wicked, Uncle Dick, or I could not love you so."

He set her down gravely on the bed, and taking care to tuck the shawl around the little feet, he turned upon her his grave face:

"Lily," said he, "you are only a little child, but you have a pure soul, and get clearer glimpses of Heaven than I am able. You shall be my judge. I will not deceive you—no, not in a single thing—for now that you are in this sweet, happy home, it will not fret and wear upon you. Tell me first what you call wicked."

"What? Why, Uncle Dick, you know now, lying, stealing, killing. I told you I knew you had never been wicked."

"Oh, Heaven, pity me!" burst from the man in agonised tones, which made Lily tremble and turn pale. "Only the Omnipotent Eye can know what it costs me to put away this one sweet love which brightens my desolate life."

He was silent a moment, his eyes closed, his lips quivering, and then he turned to the child trembling in awed expectation.

"Lily, Lily," said he, "the law—the terrible law of England—can take me this moment from your side, and put me back in prison, because—because I have done all three—lying, stealing, killing."

Lily uttered a cry of horror, and sat shuddering, unable to speak another word. He looked at her mournfully.

"My poor child, listen. It was my own wild passion, and then an evil temper, and afterwards tilt which will lead a man to anything—drink, strong drink. Listen, darling, and if you can pity and forgive me I think, young as you are, you will not fail to understand all I tell you. Your mother and I were sweethearts once, and I always thought she would be my wife. But there came another—a fine gentleman, a nobleman—and his graceful airs and polished manners won her away from me—won her to the ruin of her happiness."

"Alas, I was young and wild, and headstrong, and there was a human fiend at hand fanning the evil flame in my heart. Instead of pitying her, I was filled with mad, jealous rage. I was vengeful. I followed her movements stealthily. I went to work, mind you, at the fiend's instigation, and with crafty cunning, worthy a better cause, I stole away the proofs of her marriage; even out out the leaf in the parish register of the distant town to which he had taken her for the secret ceremony. I made all this sure, and the fiend (he is still living, child, only a little distance off, rich and happy and prosperous) assured me the rest could be left to his management. And it was I knew before I left the county she was left a desolate, shame-stricken, broken-hearted woman. Child, child, it did not cool the fire in my heart to know that I had succeeded. I plunged into drink to drown remorse that began to cry out within me. Wild companions got hold of me and led me into evil ways. Maddened with drink, in a low brawl I struck a blow which sent a poor, wretched soul home to its Maker. Then came a trial. The testimony, I believe, was conflicting. They could not hang me, but enough was proved to send me away—to transport me for life."

He paused, wiping away the great drops which stood on his forehead, and looked piteously into the set, white face of the child.

"Lily, Lily, no wonder you are shocked. You know me now at my worst, and you will not wonder I am afraid of your pure kisses. Darling, darling, forgive me; only say you forgive me."

But Lily could not speak at all. She was trying her best to keep from bursting into tears.

"I have told you the worst. There in that dreary

convict life I escaped from the delirium of drink, and I saw myself as I was, and loathed and hated and feared the horrible thing I had become. Your mother's pale face was always haunting me. It stared at me from whatever scene I entered, and kept a sad and reproachful vigil at my pillow, whether it was the gray turf or the coarse straw of a cell. I shudder now to recall those terrible, terrible days of remorse; I can never tell you what I suffered. But at last a sort of comfort came in a wild determination to escape, to return to England at whatever risk to myself, and grovelling at her feet, restore to her the proofs which all the while I had preserved from a vague hope of future worth.

"Restitution became the one thought and dream and aim of my life. I went to work with what patience I could; I laid the train, though I knew it would be of use. Child, child, I toiled three years under untold hardships for the chance to make my escape, and I was another three years in that situation before I judged I was secure enough in their confidence to be trusted down at the sea-port on their business, and then with my hoarded pittance of money I bought the chance to stow myself away in an English ship. Even then there was a great deal of management required."

"But I succeeded. I reached England, made my way to the town where your mother had lived. She had disappeared, and no one knew anything about her. But step by step I followed her here, and I found her in that graveyard. Lily, Lily, whatever anguish she suffered through those bitter years, I tell you it was all avenged tenfold upon me as I sank upon that grave of hers and found that all my dreams of restitution were in vain. Yes, that one moment held more terrible anguish than all her years of sorrow, for she was innocent and pure, and good, and I was guilty, guilty, guilty."

The tone was full of unutterable grief and despair. Lily could not bear it. With a great burst of tears she flung her arms around his neck, sobbing:

"No, no, Uncle Dick, it can't be; I won't have it so. You are sorry now. You are good now. Mother won't blame you, I know she won't if she can look down from Heaven and see how sorry you are. And you've made it up to me, Uncle Dick. Don't tell me any more," she added, earnestly.

"There is little more to tell except that all I have to live for now is to undo my wicked work, and to restore you to your rights. When that is accomplished I care not how soon death comes. I shall welcome its approach with grateful joy. Or if it is Heaven's will that I be further tried for expiation I will not murmur if I am discovered and sent back to finish out my sentence. I wanted to have this talk with you, dear child. I feel relieved and thankful that it is over. You know me now, and I shall not feel like a hypocrite when I come to you, if, indeed you still wish to have me come."

"Oh, Uncle Dick," said Lily, with quivering lips, "how can you think I shall not. I love you, Uncle Dick. I love you just as much—I am not sure, indeed, but I love you more than I did before, because you have been so very unhappy."

"You are a little angel," sobbed Dick, and did not refuse to take her in his arms again, where she nestled with a gentle, restful expression, her eyes closed and her hands clasped over his. "I have been thinking, Lily," continued he, "that maybe I shan't come here so often as I expected. You see I have to be careful and keep clear from them as knows me to be something different from Dick Merston. And besides there's the evil one—the man who was at the bottom of all this trouble. I don't quite trust him, and I don't want him to find you out, which might be done if I came here often. And I have him in the next town. The Lord knows I don't want to misjudge him or anyone else. It would be hard on me to judge me now by what I did in my wretchedness, and it may be the same with him. I hope he has repented. I am willing to risk my own life in trusting him, but not yours, Lily, not yours. That must not be ventured anyway. So I shall keep away from here if I find I am watched, and you will understand that is the reason if I don't come. I'm going to tell the whole story to these noble-hearted people just as soon as I've had an understanding with him. And you shall know the whole then, Lily, names and all."

"I don't mind waiting," said Lily, gently, "only I shall miss you, Uncle Dick, if you don't come often."

"Not so much as if you hadn't found this safe home. I see how Providence has led us. You are cared for, and I can work my way without fretting about you. You will be very happy, little Lily."

"And so will you," returned Lily.

Dick passed his hand across his forehead and smiled slowly.

"Yes, whatever is my part I shall be happy if the

wrong is righted," said he, and he still had the same

look as when he told her his history—the look of one talking through the child to someone higher, older, further removed. "I shall make my atonement, no matter for the rest. And now," he added, "I must go. You look tired, and I am afraid Mrs. Tennant will think I have kept you awake too long. Good-bye, my darling."

"Good-night, you mean, Uncle Dick. Remember I shall not be happy except you come often."

"You love me in spite of what I have told you? You love me a little," he said in an humble, grateful tone.

"I love you very much, Uncle Dick. Let me kiss you good-night."

And when Mrs. Tennant's step was heard on the stairs Dick was ready to go, and he was glad to be allowed to pass her with a simple "good-night," for his eyes were full of tears and his broad chest was heaving.

There was a strange presentiment of something solemn, and yet somehow not entirely sad, coming to him, about which he could not talk at all.

(To be Continued.)

THE USES OF BEAUTY.

It is impossible for the peripatetic philosopher of the time to walk about the world and not be struck with the novel fact that Beauty is one of the most useful commodities which is brought into the modern utilitarian market, if it only comes in the guise of our own flesh and blood.

Beauty runs money even very hard, and when beauty and money combine, the strongholds of society deliver up their keys, and sign a capitulation. Moreover, beauty can command money, whereas money cannot command beauty. Each, it is true, can buy the other; but the bargain is not quite the same in the two cases.

When beauty concludes a contract with money, it procures for itself the full use and absolute possession of the thing it stipulated for.

Money, on the contrary, in buying beauty, too often finds, not only that it has paid for a perishable article, but that it has—moreover been allotted a limited share among a company of persons who like-wise have no allotment, but without having paid anything at all for it.

If beauty were lasting, it would be the most tyrannical influence in life. Luckily for us poor slaves, it is a despotism which never endures. Hence the feverish anxiety of beauty to wield the sceptre but times, and to enjoy the good things that were designed for it.

Nature, with its usual beneficence, not uncommonly bestows upon a decayed family, or a vulgar parvenu, a lovely daughter; and the case to which her beauty may be put are not easily recounted. It opens society for the first time to people against whom society seemed to be eternally closed, and the most dreadful of mothers, and most objectionable of fathers, are welcomed in the train of their ravishing offspring.

But it is the husband who trades most successfully on beauty, if beauty happen to be the dowry of his wife, for her attractions carry him into spheres into which he never could have hoped to gain admission either by ramoured opulence, consummate assurance, or even good dinners.

Some of the loveliest women in London are married with husbands whom one would have thought a priori would have proved to them an insuperable social bar, and an overwhelming encumbrance; but they carry these Old Men of the Sea on their fair shoulders through the daintiest equally with the deepest waters.

It is for this reason that men who can boast no education and abominable manners, but much money, find beauty so excellent an investment. For the vulgar husband can address to his chattering wife the words of Rute, with but slight variation, "Where thou goest, I go; thy people shall be my people, and thy lord my lord."

A MEDAL has been lately struck and presented to the members of the French Academy of Sciences, commemorative of the passage of Venus across the sun and the scientific observation of this phenomenon in 1874. The medal, the design for which was chosen by competition last year, is by M. A. Dubois, and represents Venus as a young and beautiful woman passing in front of the ear of Apollo, with the inscription, "Quo distent spatio sidera paucis docent."

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—HASKA.

If Mr. Henry Spicer's "romantic drama, "Haska," does not prove a great dramatic "precedent," it will, at any rate, furnish a great "precedent" in the law and equity cases preserved in the Term Reports of the Courts of Chancery and the High Court of Appeal, and may yet give some business in the Common Law Court. The author, a gentleman of long experience in writing for the stage, having produced several pieces, among others the "Lords of Ellingham," played at the Olympic Theatre in 1848; "Honesty," at Covent Garden, and "Judge Jefferies" at Sadler's Wells, had preceded the first-named, and his reputation as a magazine-writer of fiction is of still older date. The blunder, therefore, of the critic of the "Weekly Dispatch," who attributes the defects of "Haska" to the unpractised pen of a dramatic aspirant, is simply inexcusable. The story of Haska is briefly this: Count Robert Stourdza (Mr. Creswick) is a Hungarian nobleman, who by gambling has won the estates and serfs of a certain Count Karolyi, and at the opening of the play we have a pretty characteristic ballet and village festival in honour of the marriage of Haska, an orphan, and Palfy, a peasant serf. Count Robert, the new master of the estate and its serfs, enters. He is a libertine and a tyrant, a sort of Hungarian Gaspar, with a difference. He sees Haska, and resolves to get rid of her husband and exercise, in his own way, his "droits du seigneur." He is supposed to hang the husband, after the rejection of his wicked, but by no means novel, proposal of granting life to the husband upon the condition of dishonour to the wife. He sups and drinks much wine that night in the Red Keep of his castle, whither he has invited Haska. The scene, wherein he shows her, by drawing a curtain, the body of her husband hanging on a gibbet, is certainly sensational. The Red Keep seems a sort of torture-chamber, for among its furniture is a massive chair with a contrivance for securing the arms of anyone who may sit down in it. Despite a legend about this chair, Count Robert, who seems a very Don Giovanni in boldness, takes his seat therein, and Haska immediately has him fast, and Haska is about to stab him when his followers rush in to the rescue, and Haska, who is at home to all the secrets of the prison-house, having been brought up a foundling in the castle, throws down the iron grille of a window and escapes.

Next act we have an insurrection of the serfs, with Haska in armour, like another Joan of Arc, as their leader. The insurrectionary serfs are hemmed in a mountain pass, and affairs seem desperate. By-the-bye we are informed, among other sad delinquencies, that Count Robert has in early life got rid of a sister by throwing her out of a carriage window to be devoured by wolves, in order that she might not share in the wealth of his inheritance. Retribution however awaits him, and when Haska falls finally into his power, the production of a miniature proves that the woman he has so brutally pursued is his long-lost sister. But there is another startling "situation" which almost proved an anticlimax to such of the audience as had supposed that the husband of Haska had been really hanged. The peasants had more fully hung the executioner? Accordingly, "pat as the posy of a ring," Count Robert has only just found a sister when she finds a husband in the serf who has "never been dead at all," like Jack Robinson in the comic ballad. All therefore comes right, except the omission of poetical justice in the case of the wicked Count. The reconciliation is complete. The revolted serfs return to their allegiance, and Haska and Palfy "live happy ever after." Such we take to be an outline of the drama, although certainly somewhat obscure on its first night's representation. Mr. Chatterton has mounted the play liberally, the costumes are picturesque and handsome. Mr. Beverley has painted some excellent scenery, and the dances and stage arrangements by Mr. Cornack and Mr. Edward Stirling are effective. Mr. William Creswick did all for the ungracious part of Count Stourdza that so experienced and able an actor could achieve. Miss Leighton was somewhat stilted and stagey in her virtuous indignation and lofty denunciations, but

this may wear off as she is more familiar with the part, which is, however, especially declamatory and romantic. Messrs. James Johnstone, Dorman, Douglas, and Percy Bell, with Miss Cicely Nott, exerted themselves in their several parts. At the fall of the curtain Miss Leighton was led on by Mr. Creswick in compliance with a "call," and the author, Mr. Henry Spicer, bowed his acknowledgments from the footlights.

Mr. Arthur Mathison's sprightly operetta, "Ten of 'em," preceded the drama, and a lively ballet, "The Date Tree Grove," concluded the entertainments.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

MR. JOHN LEVY had a crowded house at this theatre on the occasion of his benefit. The evening began with the popular drama of "Luke the Labourer." The principal piece, however, was Dion Boucicault's "Shaughraun," in which the beneficeaire appeared as "Conn." The other characters were well supported by Messrs. Marchant, C. Senett, Hummerstone, Miss Page, Miss Dowton, and Mrs. Blandford.

UNDER THE SNOW.

Under the snow the summer mosses sleep,
Under the snow the woodland roses creep;
And many a hope of the long ago
Lies deeply buried under the snow.

Under the snow are tresses of hair,
And waxen hands are folded there,
And living lips that no more shall press
Our own in an answering caress.

Oh, the promises sweet, that buried lie,
Deeply hidden from human eye,
The faces of beauty, low under the snow,
They are only dust, yet we love them so.

Vainly we wait on Time's memory-washed strand
For only the gleam of a vanished hand,
And nightly we dream by our fireside,
Of the sweet-voiced hopes that so early died.

The roses of summer again will bloom,
'Neath the limpid skies of the pulsing June;
And greenly the moss shall gleam some day,
On the barren rock and the old decay.

But brighter than tint of the rose's bloom,
Than the greenest moss in the forest gloom,
Is the faith that shines like a steadfast star,
Guiding us safe to the Land Afar.

And in that land no winter frost shall fret
The dainty gloom of fragrant flowers,
No weary heart o'er folded hands shall sigh,
No treasures 'neath the drifting snow shall lie. C. D.

MR. FREDERICK CHATTERTON'S HARP RECITAL.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL on Wednesday was well filled by a numerous and fashionable audience on the occasion of the concert given by Mr. Frederick Chatterton, the eminent harpist. The name of Chatterton has for many years held an honourable place in public esteem as harp-players of the highest ability. The harp, despite its romance and antiquity, and its "poetry of form," has not been able to hold its own against the pianoforte and violin in evenings at home or the public concert-room; yet in the hands of the Chattertons, and when employed in the interpretation of the writings of the few composers who have written for it, we feel that it has had scant justice accorded to its claims. The feature of the concert under notice was the debut of Miss Mary Chatterton, niece of Mr. Frederick Chatterton, and daughter of Mr. F. B. Chatterton. The young lady's initial piece was "The Carnival of Venice," which displayed brilliancy, power of hand and execution. A fantasia on airs from "Beatrice di Tenda" was full of sweetness and cantabile. The first was with variations by Mr. F. Chatterton, the second by Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton. The beneficeaire displayed his style and mastery in a fantasia on Irish melodies. The debut of Miss Mary Chatterton as the pupil of

her uncle must be pronounced a succes d'estime, and we look forward to a great career for the lady as a professor and exponent of the beauties and capabilities of the elegant and favourite instrument to which she has devoted her rare talent. Miss Fairman, Miss Ada Patterson and Miss Webster, gave vocal selections; Mr. W. Beavan and Mr. George Forbes were the accompanists, the latter playing very excellently a value of his own composition for the pianoforte.

THIS public will regret to hear that Miss Nellie Power, whose mésalliance with the notorious Rowland Isaac Gideon Barnett had brought her much domestic trouble, is suffering from a paralytic attack.

The celebrated company of French equestrians, gymnasts and clowns, from the Paris Cirque, will re-open Hengler's on the 19th, for a short season.

"Our Boys" reached their 700th night on Wednesday. We have no more to say than we had at the 600th, except to await their triumph over the "Thousand and one nights" of the Arabian Entertainments.

"Biorn" departed the stage of life on Saturday, at the Queen's Theatre, age "forty" nights. This is not all. We are promised its revival "at no distant period," in "an altered form," whatever that may mean.

Mr. Mayer's opening piece at the Duke's Theatre is said to be an episode of the Tichborne Trial. (?) The cast will include Mr. and Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Young, Miss Meyrick, Miss Ada Murray, Miss Annie Merton, Mr. M'Intyre, Mr. Lin Bayne, and other popular artists.

Mr. Fred. O. Leader has written to the papers to deny that he either "instructed any one to bid, or ever knew of any one who intended to bid." Mr. Nagle's reported "instructions to bid," are an idle fabrication. The latest on dit is that Mr. Mapleson has the theatre for the coming opera season. We wish it may be true.

Many guests at the dinner given by the dramatic authors, actors, and critics to Mr. Alderman Cotton and his lady, as some return for the hospitalities of the Mansion House during his mayoralty, were disappointed at not seeing and hearing Mrs. Stirling on that occasion. The lady was on that night fulfilling an engagement at the Exeter Theatre, and delighting a provincial audience in Mrs. Malaprop.

SUNNY ROOMS AND SUNNY LIVES.

LIGHT is one of the most active agencies in enlivening and beautifying a home. We all know the value of sun-light as a health-giving agent to the physical constitution; and it is not less so to our moral and spiritual natures. We are more active under its influence—can think better and act more vigorously.

Let us take the airiest, choicest, and sunniest room in the house for our living-room—the workshop where brain and body are built up and renewed. And let us there have a bay window, no matter how plain in structure, through which the good twin-angels of nature—sunlight and pure air—can freely enter.

Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigour; but in light rooms is good cheer.

Even in a gloomy house, where walls and furniture are dingy and brown, we have but to take down the heavy curtains, open wide the window, hang brackets on either side, set flower-pots on the brackets, and let the warm sun stream freely in, to bring health to our bodies and joy to our souls.

LOVE OF FLOWERS.

ONE of the most pleasing attractions of Paris is the flower markets of the great city. With a certain artistic taste inherent in all classes, these delightful and natural products are coveted and indulged in by rich and poor. Even the humble griseettes stint their daily food to afford the small sum necessary to line their rude window sills with pot plants.

Eugene Sue's story of Rigolette was no fancy picture. Few French people are so poor as to deny themselves the luxury of flowers. The religiously devout cover the altars of the churches with these votive offerings—fragrant and beautiful, so that the stranger, in visiting almost any of the old Catholic cathedrals, is sure to find, amid the solemn architectural splendours, the timeworn, crumbling walls, the gray old paintings and flickering candles, fresh and fragrant bouquets.



[FOUND AGAIN.]

WHY SHE FORSOOK HIM

OR,
THE SECRET OF HER BIRTH.

By the Author of "Basil Rivington's Romance,"

"That Young Person, etc."

CHAPTER XXVIII

A WEDDING.

GEORGE GRAHAM entered Mrs. Lawson's drawing-room, little expecting what he should find there; he was walking slowly and abstractedly to the fireplace, when he perceived he was not alone.

Seated in a low chair, her golden head bent in thought, her small hands lying idly in her lap, was the girl he had loved and misunderstood, to find whom was his dearest hope.

He stood motionless watching her, and noting the changes the months of their separation had wrought in her, she was prettier now than she had ever been, her face had gained in thought and expression more than it had lost in rounded, childish beauty.

Phyllis was a woman now, and her lover felt it as he stood gazing there, dreading to speak a word to rouse her from her reverie lest he should find her presence but a shadowy dream.

She looked up, started, and then came forward to meet him, struggling hard to hide her agitation.

He took her hand in both of his, he led her back to the seat she had left, and then bending over her, he asked fondly:

"Phyllis, why did you run away from me?"

"To the girl, who through those weary months had been schooling herself to think of him as lost to him for ever, the question was a revelation. She knew at once that he was free. She did not speak, but her blue eyes filled with hot tears, and one of them dropped down on his hand.

"Phyllis," said Graham, tenderly, "I don't know what you must think of me. I have been harsh, unjust, unkind, but I could not help it. I thought you cared for someone else, and I would not let you see all you were to me."

She resigned her hand to his embrace. She seemed to have accepted him as her protector and guardian

for ever; very gently, almost in a whisper, she said: "And I thought you were engaged to Miss Darnley?"

It was all clear now; each understood all the other had tried to conceal, the barrier their wretched false pride had set up was broken down.

"You will give yourself to me, darling," he urged. "Oh! Phyllis, why did you make me suffer so?"

"You never asked me," said Miss Phyllis, with a gleam of the old morriment in her eyes.

"I ask you now, and you will not answer."

"George," she whispered, shyly. "I think our separation has been as hard to me as you."

"We will never be separated again."

"But I cannot stay here," she said, timidly. "I must go back to Banstead in a month?"

"I don't ask you to stay here."

"But then—"

"But then when two people are engaged, they generally think of being married."

"We need not think of that for ever so long?"

"Then pray what is the use of my finding you, if I am to lose you again in a month?"

"Oh, it wouldn't be like that, you would not lose me as you did before."

"I confess I don't understand your reasoning, Phyllis. I'm afraid our being engaged won't do anything towards lessening the distance between Banstead and Yorkshire."

"But," persisted Phyllis, "you will know where I am, and I shall know where you are, and we can write!"

He shook his head.

"I can't let you go now I have found you."

"But if I were to go without the letting?"

"Don't jest, child?" he said, gravely. "Your father will never consent to our engagement, in fact he has told me so?"

"Why not?" asked Phyllis, artlessly. "I'm sure he always seemed to like you very much."

"He thinks you might do better."

"I don't want to do any better."

"You are not afraid of being a poor man's wife?"

"Not a bit. Only, George, you must let me go back to Banstead, and I will work very hard, and be very careful, and—"

"I shall be worrying myself all the time, as to the safety of my treasure."

"Your treasure!" repeated the girl, wistfully, "am I really that?"

"Indeed you are, my darling."

She rose hastily, for Mrs. Lawson had entered.

The three stood regarding each other, and it would be difficult to say which was the most confused, at last Mr. Graham recovered his self-possession enough to say lightly:

"I beg pardon, Mrs. Lawson, I'm afraid we've kept tea waiting."

"Only an hour," said the little lady, coolly.

"Well, Mr. Graham, don't you feel glad you accepted my invitation?"

"Delighted!"

"Will you come to tea, my dear," said the young matron to her shy guest, "my husband is longing to be introduced to you."

"Please don't think me very rude," said Phyllis, "I had no idea it was so late."

"I don't think you rude at all," said the lady, merrily, "Mr. Graham ought to have told you the time."

"I did not know it myself; forgive us, Mrs. Lawson," he added, in another tone. "I have not seen her for many months, and there have been times when I have feared never to see her more."

"Then you are old friends?"

"Something more than old friends, soon, at least, she has promised me."

No one ever forgot that tea table, nor the extraordinary things that took place at it. Mr. Graham ate sugar with his fish, and mustard in his coffee, and to all her host's inquiries respecting her journey, Phyllis, answered "Six months," but they were happy, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawson watched them, and were happy too.

It must have been Carry who contrived that these two foolish young people should be alone just for a minute before George left, and it was certainly the same little lady who announced her intention of taking all her visitors to a circus the next afternoon.

Dear little Carry, there are many women like you, not inveterate matchmakers, not mancuvers, but always ready to help the course of true love to flow a little smoother, to help true hearts to find each other, and timid ones to be brave.

Oh, may there ever be plenty of your race in our England, and may they be as happy as they deserve to be!

To that eventful evening succeeded a week of perfect bliss for the lovers. George was at the Lawsons every evening, and Phyllis was free, for her two little pupils were so taken possession of by their uncle and aunt, as to leave her little more than the name of governess.

"Phyllis," asked her betrothed one night, "does your father know you are here?"

"Yes, to be sure."

"I wonder he ever sent you, he must have known it was only three miles from my office."

"I don't suppose he knew it. I have never told him."

"When am I to have my answer, Phyllis?"

"What answer, George?"

"When are you coming to me for always?"

"Not yet!"

"And why not? are we to waste the best and brightest years of our lives, because I do not please your father. I am not rich, I have had many claims on me, but I can offer you a home. You are not ambitious; we will begin humbly, and mount the ladder afterwards."

"You know I can't, George. Papa would never consent."

"Then don't let's ask him?"

"George!"

"Don't look at me like that, darling. I can't think patiently on the subject. I love you—you are willing to trust me. Why should Mr. Stone's step between us?"

"He is my father."

"He doesn't deserve to be. Phyllis, trust me and marry me."

"Marry you here, now?"

"Yes, once married I can brave anything."

"But it would not be right."

"Would it be right for us to be separated—for your parents to torture you until they worked their will and made you marry a richer man, and thus wreck both our lives? Would that be right?"

"I shall never marry anyone else, George. Surely you might trust me."

"I do trust you, Phyllis, but I have so nearly lost you once that I don't care to risk it again."

"Besides," he added, impatiently, "what will your life be worth, exposed perpetually to their persuasions and threats? I should be powerless to comfort you, my letters, probably, would be stopped. Oh, Phyllis, think again before you condemn us both to such misery."

He tried his persuasions next with Mrs. Lawson. That dear little matron was scandalised at the idea of an elopement, and yet, through all her expressions of horror, it was easy to see how thoroughly she would enjoy preparing a trousseau and managing a wedding. Mr. Graham had great hopes.

"Phyllis is so gentle," he urged. "She is not able to cope with her father."

"But does he love her?" asked the listener.

"I believe he does," admitted the suitor, "but like many other parents he has a strange way of showing his affection."

"Are they rich?"

"As poor as possible, I should say. Phyllis gave music-lessons until she went out as a governess. No one can accuse me of seeking my darling for what she has."

"And you would make her happy?"

"I would try."

"She is a dear little thing," said Carry, reflectively, "but to marry against her father's expressed wishes is very rash."

"But when people love one another."

"I don't think that love is synonymous with prudence."

"It's a great deal rarer."

"Perhaps."

"Be merciful and help us, Mrs. Lawson."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Persuade Phyllis to marry me, and help us to make our peace with her father afterwards."

"I'd rather help you to do that first."

"Impossible; he would not hear of it. Once married he must make the best of his unwelcome son-in-law."

So Mrs. Lawson was persuaded, and promised to use her best influence with Phyllis, and she must have been successful, for that night when George was alone with his betrothed, and once more urged his wish, she said tenderly:

"Let it be as you will. I know it is not right, only the right is so hard to do."

"You shall never regret your decision, darling."

"Oh, George," she said, putting one of her little hands in his and looking up into his face, "you'll love me just the same always, won't you? and if I am doing wrong by yielding now you won't be sorry for it afterwards?"

"Never, Phyllis, my love for you will never lessen, and I shall never forget that you have given up home and friends for my sake."

The girl was standing on tiptoe and playing nervously with one of the flowers in his coat.

"There's one thing more I want you to promise me, George."

"What is it, dear?"

"You know everything," she said, simply, "you've seen everything at home, my father, and mother and me; sometimes I think, perhaps, we are not quite like the people you have been used to; but you've known it all, and it won't vex you later on?"

"Never, Phyllis."

"That's all; I'm very foolish, George."

"That isn't quite all, dear," he said, gaily taking from his pocket a tiny box, "I want to give you this."

She opened it and took out a ring, a hoop of gold set with turquoises.

"See!" said Graham, placing it on her finger, "by-and-bye, Phyllis, I will put another ring here, and then you must keep the first one for a guard."

Then came two busy weeks of preparation. Mrs. Lawson seemed to have more work on hand than her busy fingers could get through, and her little nieces hardly received as much attention as they considered it their right to expect, and looking back on that time, Graham remembers only how pretty and winning Phyllis was, and how he loved her.

The two seemed to live in a bright world of their own, away from anyone else, only there was a pang at Phyllis's heart, when she thought of Hibernia Terrace. If she could have had her father and mother's sanction of her choice, she would have been completely happy; she did not regret her yielding to Graham's wishes, yet she was fully conscious that she was acting no worthy part to her parents, who, with all their faults, loved her dearly, and had tried after their fashion to make her happy.

No one suspected anything beyond the privileged household in Grove Place, and their friend Mr. Hawtree. Phyllis's little pupils, Grace and Edith, two regular little martlets, had no idea of the loss they were to sustain, and Mrs. Lawson, who had a few pang of reproach at depriving their mamma of her governess, intended to send a special protegee of her own home with them, to stay until Phyllis could be replaced.

George came and stayed late the evening before the day which was to make them one. He hardly realised his happiness yet, but was in a tumult of fear, that tidings of all that was taking place might reach Hibernia Terrace, and bring down Mr. Stone to carry away his daughter by force.

Mr. Graham never would have gone, if Mrs. Lawson had not reminded him in a whisper, that Phyllis sorely needed rest, to fit her for to-morrow's ceremony; he rose at once then.

"Good-bye, my darling. Ah, Phyllis, very soon there will be no more good-byes between you and me."

He stood there with her leaning against him, both certain of the other's love, yet both fearing that fate might yet divide them. She was gravest. She was leaving all home, parents, friends, henceforward he would be her all.

"You are not sorry, Phyllis?"

"No, I am not afraid with you, only, George, you'll have to love me very much, for I shall have nobody but you?"

Fortune was kind to them, no little bird carried the tidings to Mr. Stone, and nothing occurred to prevent the solemn ceremony which was to transform Phyllis into a wife.

It was in a dull, whitewashed church, there were no spectators, for no one knew what was to take place, and when George entered the edifice at ten o'clock on the cold wintry morning, he saw only the poor opener and clerk, and in a large square pew, all curiosity and excitement, Grace and Edith with one of Mrs. Lawson's servants.

Presently, when every wild possibility had by turns tormented George, a carriage was heard in the distance, and soon after Mr. and Mrs. Lawson walked up the aisle, followed by Phyllis and Henry Hawtree, who had generously come forward to act as the brother Phyllis had called him at this important epoch in her life.

She made a very pretty bride, and Mrs. Lawson had taken care that she should not be without the ornaments peculiar to the chief actresses in such a ceremony. Her soft golden hair was covered with a long tulle veil, her dress was of fine embroidered muslin, and she carried in her hands a bunch of flowers, conspicuous among which was the mystic orange blossom.

Mrs. Lawson said afterwards she looked "like a picture." Graham only felt that she was his first and only love, and was soon to be his own for ever.

She trembled slightly when the service commenced, but her voice grew firm and clear as it proceeded. Her trust and love for the helpmate she had chosen seemed to conquer the awful sense of loneliness she

had felt at the absence of her parents at such a time.

Mr. Hawtree gave her away; he himself had willed it so; he must have his part in the ceremony—he most live in her memory as connected with this the most joyful day of her life.

His voice never faltered, and no spectator would have guessed that he himself had been a competitor for the prize he now gave to another.

There was no bridesmaid. Mrs. Lawson had not dared to trust any young lady in the neighbourhood with the secret, and Phyllis had no old, kind friend of her own she cared to ask, so etiquette was fearfully outraged, and pretty Mrs. Lawson, in spite of her matronly dignity, held the bride's gloves when George possessed himself of her left hand to invest it with the small golden circlet which was never more to leave it.

Even under the happiest auspices a stolen marriage has something dreary about it. It must have been a relief to all present when the solemnity was formed, and Phyllis Graham walked down the aisle leaning on her husband's arm, her little pupils throwing the flowers they had brought with them before her path. Graham had positively hated these children for the past month, but he avowed to the reflection he was really doing them a cruel wrong in depriving them of Phyllis, which made him remarkably kind and paternal for the brief space of time he yet saw them.

There was no breakfast, thus, like bridesmaids, was neglected. Cake and wine were handed round. Mr. Lawson proposed the health of the happy pair, and little Edith disturbed the company's gravity by precociously inquiring:

"What was the use of being married if it made everyone dull?"

Mrs. Lawson glided in her work as though she had been the most ardent of match-makers instead of a dear little sympathising woman.

She dressed Phyllis in her warm travelling dress with almost a sister's care, and had tears in her bright eyes when she exhorted Graham to be careful of his bride.

"I will do what heart and life can," he answered, earnestly. "Thank you for all."

And so they drove away to commence their married life, and even while the Lawsons despatched an old shoe after them they had secret misgivings, for Phyllis's letter to her father was already posted, and the next day he might be expected in Yorkshire.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DEATH.

SIR ROLAND came in late, so late that Juliet had dropped asleep, weary of watching for him. Gerald rose up to meet his kinsman, and wrung his hand in silent sympathy.

The baronet looked as though he had lived many years in the last twenty-four hours. He seemed as though suddenly grown very old. His firm step trembled, and Gerald never forgot the agony written in his face. The younger man felt awed in the presence of a sorrow greater far than any he had dreamed of. He looked his enquiry.

"It is all over," said the baronet, solemnly.

Gerald could not answer him; a regret seemed a mockery.

"Yes," went on Sir Roland, "she is gone, the one love of my life, and gone under such circumstances that I can only thank Heaven for taking her."

"Had you ever doubted that her reason was affected?"

"Never. The physician tells me the evil must have been slumbering, that it was probably hereditary. It may have been. I never knew any of her family except her father. Often have I regretted that Juliet was so little like her mother, it is a blessing to me now."

"Juliet must never know the true story of her mother's death."

"Never. I would die to keep it from my child. I never felt more grateful that my darling was to be yours."

"Have you been able at all to learn the cause of the fire?"

"She did it," said Sir Roland, in a tone of pain. My poor Gertrude; to think that hers was the hand to set fire to the house of which she was so fond."

"I can't understand why."

"I can't."

Gerald looked his interest, and Sir Roland, anxious to divulge his fears, continued:

"You know my mother was staying with us, and a young friend, Miss Darnley?"

"Yes," said Gerald, calmly; "I met them both."

"Miss Darnley became Juliet's great friend. She

is a sweet, true-hearted girl, and I was well pleased that it should be so; but Gertrude hated her, she literally detested this poor girl, whose only crime that I could learn was her beauty.

"It seems very strange."

"Very; but my poor wife's reason was unbinged, and she was not accountable for her fancies. Miss Darnley accepted a room at the end of a long corridor quite isolated from the rest, my wife—Gerald, it makes my blood run cold to think of it—set fire to some muslin curtains before the door, which she locked on the outside, that her victim might not escape her."

Gerald shivered, although he knew Madeline was safe; despising the heartless coquette and unnatural woman though he did, his first thought on arriving at Belleville had been whether she were injured, and in spite of all his heart had given a wild throb of joy at the news of escape.

"Miss Darnley was saved by almost a miracle. Juliet and she from some whim had exchanged rooms. My own darling might have been the sufferer if I had not providentially passed in that direction and heard the screams for help."

"You have your daughter left to care for you, Sir Roland. You know my hope is to be regarded as your son; you must not be too cast down at this calamity, awful though it is."

Sir Roland did not answer. Gerald could not guess that at that moment he was mourning his wife, not as the stately, beautiful Lady York, but as the wild, yet lovely girl who had first awoke his passions.

All the long years of dissensions, disanchantment and disappointment seemed to roll back as he thought of Gertrude as he had first known her during that brief trip to Paris which had so altered his whole life's history.

"Was she conscious at the last?"

"That was the worst of all. Oh, may I never see such another death-bed. She clung to me in agony, imploring me to save her, not to let her die. Oh, it was an awful struggle."

"It is a mercy Juliet was not there."

"Aye; it seems all this came about for love of her. Gertrude seemed possessed by the idea Miss Darnley meant to injure her."

"It must have been the fancy of a diseased mind. How could an orphan girl, friendless and unknown, injure Juliet?"

"Is that papa?" asked the heiress of the Yorks, as she raised her weary head from her troubled sleep. "Oh, father, have you come at last?"

"Yes, my child," answered Sir Roland, in a choked voice, "I have come."

"And mamma?"

"You shall see her to-morrow."

He dreaded the effect of the news on her, and would gladly have deferred the telling of it.

"Is she better? Did she send me no message? Have you left her all alone?"

"Juliet," said Gerald, tenderly, coming to the wretched father's assistance, "you must bear up bravely for Sir Roland's sake. You must help me to comfort him, my darling, for we are all he has."

"Dead?" asked Juliet, fearfully. "My mother dead? Oh, papa!"

She threw herself into his arms and wept there. Sir Roland was too utterly cast down to attempt to console her; it was Gerald who had to comfort them both.

"You must not grieve for her, dear Juliet, she would have been a fearful sufferer had she lived. It is no kindness to wish her back again."

He could not leave them in their trouble. He would stay on at Belleville at least until the funeral was over. He and Sir Roland had their quarters in the uninjured portion of the Hall, but they would not risk the shock of a venture there for Juliet, so she remained the doctor's visitor, and her grandmother stayed with her.

Madeline Darnley had wished to return home at once to Luton Rectory, but Lady Frances begged her not to leave her. Juliet clung to her in tears. The doctor's fussy little wife declared that she was a treasure rather than a trouble in the house, and so she, too, lingered until all that was mortal of Lady York had been borne to their last home.

She was the staff and stay of all. Sir Roland derived his only comfort from talking with her of the future plans to which Juliet was too sorrow-stricken to listen. She was more than ever Lady Frances' darling, and Juliet leant on her for the loving care and forethought which never failed.

(To be Continued.)

In maliciously pointing out the faults of another person you only excite him to the discovery of your own.

THE EVIL OF HURRY.

HURRY is the modern Old Man of the Sea. It is over with us. We cannot unclasp the clinging talons that suffocate us. Heavier and heavier grows the burden-day by day. We are hurried on to our work; we are driven in our very sleep; and if we ever pause in pre-determined idleness, it is to find ourselves, like Miss Preston's hero, "rearing like fury." Haste makes waste, says the proverb. Surely it does; waste of tissue, waste of nervous force, waste of temper, waste of the fair sights we move too fast to see, of the pleasant experiences we are too hurried to accept.

The wise Romans cherished the maxim, *Hasten slowly*. It was well enough for them, we think, when the habitable globe was a little strip of earth, and science was not born, and invention waited to be understood, and life was a simple and luxurious estate, without past and without future. But what are we to do in an age when the patriarch's span would not suffice to learn and to accomplish all that the time commands, and when a historic past and an illimitable future lay each its tax upon us? Hurry as we may, we cannot overtake that Duty with whom we meant to keep even pace. Were we to lag, we should lose even the path her feet have trod. If all of life were doing, there might be reason for this wait. But being as far better, more fruitful, more helpful state.

More than half the things we count essential to be done might be left undone with profit to ourselves and our kind. And the remaining fraction of imperative undertakings that now dominate and worry us can be easily accomplished if we take them in the right way. Gethse filled out and supplemented the ancient wisdom in his motto, *Without haste, without rest*. It is the deliberate, regular, unbroken toil which tells on the work, but not upon the worker. Walter Scott, who was a miracle of accomplishment, wrote to a young friend: "Do instantly whatever is to be done; take the hours of reflection or recreation after business, and never before it."

When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly despatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion. Fray mind this—it is one of your weak points; a habit of mind it is that is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not filled up regularly, but is left to their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by flaking, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion. There is the whole philosophy of large accomplishment.

TEARS.

PROPERLY handled, tears are the most efficient weapons a woman can wield; her arms of defence as well as of attack. With tears she can ward off any blow, and vanquish all resistance. Whatever may be her object in life—or for the moment—a new dress, for example, or a carriage and pair, or an opera box, or a husband, there is nothing so well-fitted to accomplish it as a judicious tear—a tear in season. In courtship especially, when the wooer, as unfortunately sometimes happens, is slow to come to the point, a tear will often, if we may use so vulgar an expression, "bring him up to the scratch" when nothing else will. But in this department of weeping, ladies will be pleased to remember that punctuality is everything. The tear must be shed in the nick of time. Some ladies weep too soon, and thus quench the nascent spark before it has burst into flame; others too late, when it has flickered and gone out. The art is to catch the happy mean, to weep when the iron is hot. Thus many a husband has been caught who would otherwise be wandering fancy free, or perhaps, married to another woman.

Hitherto we have been writing as though weeping were merely a woman's weapon. But the "manly tear" deserves likewise a word of notice. The "manly tear" is at once a most useful friend and a most insidious and dangerous enemy. For the whole tribe of never-do-wells and failures, the "manly tear," when called upon, is always ready to do woman's service. Every man who has expensive tastes, a large family, and no visible means of subsistence should cultivate the "manly tear." It will often enable him to live pretty comfortably at other people's expense.

Great skill goes to the shedding of the "manly tear." On no account must it be permitted to shed itself. Once it begins to trickle it ceases to be "manly," and loses more than half its effect. The "manly" weeper is well aware of this, and therefore perhaps weeping from house to house during a whole afternoon, he never lets a tear actually fall of its own weight. His method of procedure is this: as he approaches the borrowing point of his story, he gathers his tear in his eye till it is quite full—the eye that is next his victim. Then he gives a sort of cough or grunt, which serves the double purpose of calling the victim's attention and of giving the tear a shake which makes it tremble on the brink of the eyelid. Then, just as it is about to overflow—suddenly, as if he had only just thought of it—he takes his hand and rubs it roughly away with the back, at the same time muttering some expression of impatience, such as "Fish!" "Pshaw!" "What an id. I am!" In this way many a ten-pound note has before this been obtained.

The peculiarity we have just noted is not the only thing in which the "manly tear" differs from the feminine. There is, moreover, the further distinction, that whereas the feminine tear may be successfully shed once and once again in the same company, the "manly tear" can never be used twice on the same person. This, at least, is the general rule; there are, of course, exceptions. When caught weeping a second time the shoulder of the "manly tear" runs great risk of being denominated a "sniveller."

To shed the "manly tear" with full effect one ought to possess a manly stature and appearance. Tall, brawny men, past middle age, with shaggy beards, florid complexions, and bald heads, men who look as if they had struggled valiantly with adverse fate, and only succumbed in the last extremity, are the great adepts at the "manly tear." Old soldiers, bronzed with Eastern sun, often shed it splendidly, so do old sailors and weatherbeaten men generally.

RICHARD PEMBERTON;

—OR—

THE SELF-MADE JUDGE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MISS HONORIA shrugged her shoulders, wondering silently what mamma could be thinking of, to go into a shop where there was not a thing to be seen for sale. But Mrs. Pemberton went in, nevertheless, and was received in a flutter of delight by the old lady.

"Miss Perry, will you be so kind as to let me go into your sitting room, to try on a pair of shoes, and will you please hand me some of your best shoes and stockings to the size to fit this little girl? She has got her feet very wet, and must change these she has on?"

Miss Perry eagerly conducted them into the little back room, where they sat down by a small fire. Mrs. Pemberton in a chair, Maud on a small stool by her.

The lady drew off her delicate gloves, and with her own slender, white fingers began to untie and remove the child's wet shoes and stockings; and at last the child's naked foot came out of its coarse covering as clean and pure as the kernel from its rough shell, such a perfectly beautiful little foot as it lay in the palm of the lady's hand.

The lady clasped her hand upon it, and at its touch, was it only its yielding softness, or was it only the irresistible, longing attraction of the same flesh and blood that sent a strong thrill through her frame, that awoke the wish to gather that child, to clasp, to press her form close, close to her bosom; to another her with kisses and caresses, to weep freely over her, yes, to weep, for Augusta's heart was at the flood.

She knew not why. She could not understand her emotions, she called them weakness, and suppressed them.

Happily the entrance of the old shop-woman with the shoes assisted her in recovering herself.

When the new shoes were fitted on the lady and child re-entered the carriage, and they drove on towards Silver Creek, where they arrived late in the afternoon.

Ellen was surprised and pleased to see them, especially with her little truant in their company. The object of Mrs. Pemberton in making this visit was to influence Ellen in favour of allowing her son to be educated by Mr. Pemberton. They had a long, private interview, in the course of which Mrs. Pemberton said:

"You know, my dear Ellen, that if any one had wantonly injured you, there is nothing left you to do but to forgive, and, dear Ellen, Mr. Pemberton never wantonly wronged one of His creatures from the smallest to the greatest. Now he earnestly desires to repair, as far as he can, the injustice you have suffered at the hands of the law. He knows, and we must all know, that the utmost he could do would be but as nothing to the wrong you have suffered, if he could give you his own life it would not bring back the departed, or compensate you for his loss, but he earnestly desires to do what he can."

"I thank you, Mrs. Pemberton, I certainly do thank you. But I cannot yet decide, I must write to Mr. Goodrich first."

The lady smiled gravely.

"I believe, Ellen, that almost every woman, even if she has no father, husband, or brother, has some guide, philosopher, and friend, in the shape of clergyman, neighbour, or physician, who is her oracle, and without whose advice she will not stir a step in any matter of importance. At least, I have always found it so. We are a dependant race, Ellen. Your oracle is Mr. Goodrich, well, you could not have a better? I have no doubt as to what his decision will be?"

The lady arose to go.

"You will not leave us to-night," said Ellen.

"I must? And since the road has been opened over the hill, I feel no hesitation in travelling by night, it is shorter and much better?"

They then left the bedroom where this interview took place, and passed into the parlour, where Miss Honoria sat waiting in sullen dignity, and Maud stood arranging a little bouquet.

"Now I have a favour to ask of you, Mrs. O'Donovan," said the lady, lifting her beautiful eyes with a look of almost entreaty to the face of Ellen, and taking the hand of the child. "Will you let this dear little girl come to see me, if I send the carriage for her?"

"Certainly! I thank you very much for the interest you take in her, Mrs. Pemberton."

"Then you will let her come?"

"Certainly, madam!"

It was time to take leave, it was high time to be off, yet still the lady lingered, holding the hand of the child.

"It is almost too much to ask, yet if you could let her go home with me this evening, and spend a week, I would bring her back at the end of that time?"

"I should have no objection, Mrs. Pemberton, only—look at her, the child has not got proper clothing?"

Still the lady held the child's hand, and looked down lovingly upon her, thinking "she is beautiful in anything. She is as beautiful in this brown frock as a moss rose in its brown moss," and then she said:

"Mrs. O'Donovan, since this child is an orphan why not permit me to join you in providing for her?"

A pause.

"At least let me take her home for a week, and fit her out in spring clothes. You cannot refuse me this pleasure, Ellen."

Ellen could not refuse, there was so much emotion, feeling, love and entreaty in the lady's look and tone, and Maud resumed her hood, and went away with Mrs. Pemberton to spend a week.

"I am pleased that you have brought this sweet little girl home with you, Augusta," said Richard Pemberton, as he received his wife, adopted daughter, and lastly little Maud, taking the latter tenderly by the hand, and leading her into the sitting-room. He drew her between his knees, untied her hood, and laid it off, while Mrs. Pemberton and Miss Honoria went upstairs. The tea table was prepared and Mr. and Mrs. Lovel were present, and spoke kindly to the little visitor.

"A companion for Honoria, I suppose?" said Mrs. Lovel, while Mr. Lovel bent his serious blue eyes earnestly upon the child.

"Yes, I suppose so. I hope so," replied Mr. Pemberton. "Mrs. Pemberton has brought you to spend some time with us, my dear; has she not?"

"The lady brought me to stay a week, sir," replied the child, who instinctively meeting all his tenderness, nestled closely in the embrace of Mr. Pemberton.

The entrance of Mrs. Pemberton and Miss Honoria gave a new impetus to the conversation. Mrs. Pemberton partially explained the motive of her bringing the little girl over to the Hall.

The next morning Richard Pemberton rode over to the north side of the mountain to see a quarry, from which his labourers were digging stone to build the new schoolhouse.

Mrs. Lovel and Miss Honoria, attended by Mr.

Lovel, drove up the hill to make some purchases, and to bring the letters from the post-office. Mrs. Pemberton commissioned them also to buy some muslin, lace, ribbons, and a Leghorn hat, but she did not say for whom these things were intended.

When all had departed, the lady and the child were left alone in the sitting-room. Maud was seated on a little cushion, examining a book of prints that had been put in her hands. Mrs. Pemberton sat in her large, lounging chair, contemplating the little girl in silence.

Presently the lady left her chair, and sat down upon a low ottoman, called the child to her side, tenderly encircled her with one arm, softly smoothed back the burnished auburn curls from her fair brow, and earnestly gazed down into her beautiful countenance.

The child's eyes were raised in unshrinking, perfect trust to hers. Any one might have taken them for mother and child; different as their complexions were there was the same queenly turn of head and neck, the same graceful, gracious, noble air and expression.

For a moment only the lady gazed thus, and then she bowed her regal head until all the long black ringlets swept round the child's bright hair, and pressed an earnest, lingering kiss upon her brow. Then lifting her head again, she began in low, soft tones to ask about her parents—whether she remembered them? Whether she loved them?

Maud, leaning trustingly against her unknown mother's bosom, told her all she had heard of what she supposed to be her real story, and how her mother and father were emigrants, on their way to this country, when a contagious fever broke out in the ship, and how they died of it, just as they arrived in England.

The lady's eyes were streaming with tears.

"Why do you weep, dear lady. Not for them, they have been in Heaven this many a year?"

"My child! my child! I, too, have lost a treasure in the sea; a treasure, Sylvia, that will lie there till the Lord shall command the sea to deliver up its dead?"

"Was it your father and mother, dear lady?"

"No, Sylvia. Yes, my dear father was lost in a storm. I was with him, and was saved by Mr. Pemberton. I mourned for my father many years, but I got over it at last. That was not what I meant. The sea has been very fatal to me? Oh, my baby! my sweet, my beautiful, my loving Maud!" exclaimed Augusta, dropping her head upon the child's shoulder, and sobbing as she had not sobbed for ten years.

The little girl wound her arms around her neck, laid her cheek to hers, kissed off her tears as fast as they fell, caressed her tenderly, familiarly, yet so strangely.

"Such a beautiful child she was, Sylvia! such a sweet, heavenly child! such an angel; she was drowned, she was suffocated in the cruel waves with none to save her, while I—who ought to have been watching her, was idling on the deck? My child, my beautiful, sweet, loving child?"

All the wounds of her heart seemed torn open and bleeding afresh; her grief seemed positively as keen as upon the first day of her bereavement.

And the little girl sought to comfort her.

She tried to comfort her earnestly, because her sympathy was so sincere—silently, because she knew not what to say—clasping and kissing her neck, pressing her face to hers, kissing away the flowing tears, finally dropping her head upon her bosom and weeping, because she could not prevent her from weeping. At last the lady raised her head and kissing the child she said:

"Little comforter! I have not wept so much for many years, and there are none that I could have borne to see me weep as I have you! Oh, Sylvia, I have never for a day, for an hour, forgotten my darling. She still lives in my heart, ever! ever! She fills my heart, she fills it; yet without crowding out anything that ought to be there. On the contrary, she is the inspiration of all the charity that is in me. Perhaps that was why she was taken from me, that she might be nearer to me. But, oh! Sylvia! the memory of that little one has become a part of my being!" she paused with a gasping sob, and then resumed:

"Not as the young babe that I lost does she always appear to me. I think of her as growing—as what she would be were she alive. Every year, yes, every month, since she died, I have said to myself, 'if my dearest child had lived, she would have been so old,' and every time I see a little girl of about what her age and looks might have been I think within myself, if sweet Maud were living, she would be tall. When I first saw Honoria, my heart was drawn to her, for she looked like what Maud might have been, only not so beautiful, not so lovely!"

Thus the lady spoke, incautiously, impulsively

pouring her heart's secrets in the ear of the child, who heard, surprised, wondering, yet received the confidence instinctively as a secret trust not to be afterwards spoken of.

"And when I first saw you, love, it was that which drew me so strongly to you. The likeness between Maud and Honoria has faded out. She is not what my Maud would have been; but you are, I know you are, and that is what drew me to you, and now, love, you for yourself."

The child stole her arms around the lady's neck, and pressed it.

The lady stooped and caressed her, and then resumed:

"Little friend, I have never, never been reconciled to her loss—never. The thought of her, the desire of her, is a mighty, everlasting, unsatisfied hunger of the heart; a dreadful craving that will never be quieted till I meet her, and He forgave me often—very often. The sweet, dearest, best, most comforting thoughts of Heaven has been that I should meet my angel there. You look at me with sad, wondering eyes, love. Do not wonder—she was all that I had, all that I ever had—my one lone child."

"But Miss Honoria," said Sylvia, gently.

"Honoria is not my child, love. I never had a child but Maud, and never wanted any but her. I had been married five years, and thought the Lord never would give me a child. When at last He sent me one sweet angel from Heaven—my only one—perhaps that was the reason I loved her unto death. Perhaps if He had sent me more I should not have loved this one so much, or grieved for her so long, and yet perhaps, just the very same. But I made an idol of my angel, and I lost her—I lost her, I lost her! And ever since then I have felt like a stranger and pilgrim in the wilderness of the world—looking—always looking—for what I cannot find. Perhaps if my dearest one had died in her bed, and been buried, and I knew where her grave was, it might not be so with me. I should not feel this dreadful unrest—this strange insane wish to peer into the face of every stranger who looks as I think she might have looked—perhaps I should cease this involuntary, habitual, wild, weary looking for the lost. And I dream of her so often, Sylvia, she is always being restored to me, and what is strange I am never surprised—it always seems so natural. And she is never surprised—she always seems to have remembered and to know me."

Mrs. Pemberton paused; and Maud reflected that she too always dreamed of her lost mother, whom it was not possible she could have remembered, but she did not speak of this to the lady. A deep respectful sympathy held her silent in regard to herself. The lady resumed:

"Little comforter, I have shown you this weakness of my heart as I would not show it to any other, and while I hold you in my arms and press you to my bosom, peace, rest, and contentment come to me as perfect as they are incomprehensible, but I am afraid that while you comfort me I sadden you. That must not be. Come, love—go with me, and I will show you my dear child's portrait, and all her little things."

Mrs. Pemberton arose, took the child's hand, and led her upstairs—first into a large, handsomely furnished bed-room, where she said, in passing, "This is my chamber, Sylvia," and thence into a small, well lighted, beautifully arranged room, furnished with a child's property.

There was a rosewood crib hung with lace curtains, lined with rose-coloured silk, there was a little chair and a little fairy carriage against the centre of the wall, fronting the entrance stood a table covered with a child's toys, and above this table hung the portrait, encircled with a wreath of fresh white rosebuds.

"Come in, love. No one enters this room but myself; they cannot bear to do it; they say, 'Here are all little Maud's things.' That is her portrait; they cannot bear to look at it, or even at anything that belonged to her, because they loved her so much and grieve for her so much. People must be very different, for I loved her more than anyone else does. I have never ceased to love and grieve for her. Yet it is here, among memorials of her, that I come for comfort; that I come to pray. Look at her, little girl. Is she not lovely?" said Mrs. Pemberton, leading Maud up in front of the table and directing her gaze to the portrait above it.

It was a charming picture—a picture of the mother and child; but the mother was purposely thrown into the background and shadow by her dark ringlets, dark complexion, dark drapery, and her attitude in holding the child. She held the child up facing you, and the little creature seemed springing, bounding from its mother's lap into your arms.

It was a strangely life-like portrait of little

Maud, finished a few days previous to her loss. She was half dressed only, the golden hair turning in bright spiral ringlets above her fair forehead, temples, and neck; the attitude and expression full of vitality, the colour heightened, the rosy, dewy lips apart, the eyes, arms, and feet springy, dancing. The illusion was absolutely startling; the rosy, laughing, bounding baby seemed about to spring into your arms.

Maud gazed at her own unknown portrait with the strangest sensation, and as she looked into the bright depth of the pictured eyes until they seemed to be living, conscious eyes returning her gaze and laughing at her, a smile stole over her features.

"Why do you smile, Sylvia?"

"I don't know, lady; only it makes one feel so strangely to look into her eyes and to feel her looking back; her eyes look as if they knew some secret that I don't and were laughing at me about it, and it seems to me as if I had seen her before somewhere—in a dream. I don't know where, and somehow it does not seem to me as if she—"

"Why do you stop, my dear?"

"I was running on so foolishly, lady."

"What were you going to say, love?"

"I was going to say, but it was so foolish—I was going to say I did not think she could have been drowned."

The lady trembled all over; she took the child's hand, led her to a chair, sat down and encircled her with one arm, dropped her forehead on her head, and remained so several minutes; at last, without raising her head, she asked in a low voice: "What made you think so, child?"

"I do not know whether it was the picture or not, lady; but as I looked at it I did think your little girl must be alive."

(To be Continued.)

BRAINS.

UNLESS men and women have brains, the nation will go down. As much brains is needed to govern a household as to command a ship; as much to guide a family aright as to guide a council aright; as much to do the least and the greatest of woman's work, as to do the least and greatest of man's work. Moreover, in both sexes, the brain is the conservator of strength and prolonger of life. It is not only the organ of intellect, volition, and spiritual power, but the force evolved from it, more than the force evolved from any other organ, enables men and women to bear the burdens and perform the duties of life; and with its aid, better than with any surgery, can they overcome the "ills that flesh is heir to."

HIS EVIL GENIUS.

CHAPTER XLIII.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock on the second evening that we arrived at last lumbering into Lyons; and all turned out, or rather in, for supper.

There Gorles thought fit to crown all his iniquities, and to bring shame upon us and our country, by deliberately sitting down in the public sallemanger, pulling off his boots and then his stockings, which latter he proceeded to hang upon the fender bars to warm, while he actually came and sat down bare-footed at the table to join ourselves and the rest of the diligence passengers at supper.

Two French ladies, who were evidently of a certain position in good society, showed their unmistakable disgust, by at once rising and leaving the table.

Their companion, the elderly French gentleman whom Gorles had already insulted, also rose, and calling in the maitre d'hotel, sternly insisted that all of us three Englishmen should be at once compelled to quit the room.

It was in vain that De Lyons and I attempted to explain, and to repudiate all connection with our disgraceful little brute of a fellow-countryman.

The whole company were against us, and declared that we were three travelling companions and friends, all equally implicated in the continual squabbles which had been going on the whole way up, and now equally responsible for the last indecent outrage to their feelings as a body.

We did remonstrate with Gorles in no very measured terms; but he, more than three-parts tipsy by his repeated potations of Asti wine, which he had been tipping at during the whole journey, besides sundry reinforcements of cognac at the places

where we had stopped at to breakfast and dine, sat stolidly defiant.

At last, he declared that, to oblige us, he would put on his stockings, and try to behave himself more decently; but that he would see the whole lot of beastly foreigners "blowed" for all that he cared as to what they might think or say of him.

But just as he had uttered this sentiment, four or five of the company gathering round together, suddenly laid hands upon him, and in spite of his kicking, scratching, and even biting, like a cat in a trap, he was in no time fairly bundled out of the room, and his filthy stockings and boots, taken up with the tongs, flung out after him.

They then requested us to follow him, but as we stood up together prepared for an assault, they seemed to think better of it; but resorted to the meaner expedient of requesting the maitre d'hotel not to allow us to be served with supper or any other refreshment, although we might insist upon keeping our places at the table.

I was already angry and sore enough in my temper without this additional bother and aggravation; but I tried hard to keep some command over myself, as I again in the plainest and most explicit terms asserted that we had nothing to do with, nor were in the least degree responsible for, the conduct of this disgusting little wretch.

That though we begged entirely to repudiate all connection with him, yet, as Englishmen, we had no hesitation in owning that we were ashamed, and would even go so far as to offer an apology and expression of regret to the present company that they should have been thus annoyed and insulted by anyone calling himself our countryman; though as individuals we could not allow ourselves to be implicated in the disgrace.

De Lyons, by the way, I fancy, as a clencher to the truthfulness of this protest, added, "Can anybody suppose that if we had really been the fellow's friends, that we should have stood by so quietly to see you, messieurs, shove him out of the room as you did (and serve him right, too)? Why, double the whole lot together would not have been able to do it. The fact of our not standing by him ought and must be proof enough that we certainly did not consider that we had anything more to do with him than yourselves."

To this I must own rather unnecessarily defiant speech the old gentleman, who though he had not been amongst those who were personally concerned in expelling Gorles, had all along taken the most vehement part against us, responded with a shrug, and in a tone of the most ineffable contempt:

"Au contraire, messieurs, the forbearance of which you vaunt yourselves would seem to prove rather that you are not only liars, but poltroons and blustering cowards also, as all you Englishmen are."

This was too much. I snatched up a heavy plate which lay near me to fling across the table at his head; but he was old and unwieldy, and I had just presence of mind enough to stay my hand in time.

Every man round the table sprang up in general confusion.

"Monsieur," I said, with as much calmness as I could assume, "your advanced years and grey hairs give you the advantage of being able to offer gross insults, which a younger man would not dare to venture upon."

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, tauntingly. "What would you? I know the real worth of your courage, and that of all your countrymen, better than you perhaps imagine. All Englishmen, though like yourself loud in threats, will excuse themselves from fighting, because when the moment of danger arrives they remember that it is 'unchristian' to do so. Let us prove your big words: for example, my nephew, the captain here, will, I am sure, on my part as well as his own, repeat my opinion of you, and stand fully answerable for the consequences."

Among the passengers there was a military-looking fellow belonging to some dragoon regiment, as I knew by his uniform, in which, like all Frenchmen, he thought fit to travel. He had hitherto been rather a quiet looker-on without taking any prominent part in the shindy; but upon being thus invoked, he deliberately came round from his place at the further end of the table, walked close up to me, all the while twirling his long moustaches, and making a sort of half-salute, thus delivered himself slowly and very distinctly:

"Messieurs, upon the part of my uncle, M. le Viscomte de Tison (that was the old gentleman's name) I have the honour to record his opinion that you are a liar, and, like all your countrymen, poltroons and boasting cowards; and also upon my own part," he added, changing his language into very tolerable English, "I pronounce you to be no more nor less than one would call, in your own tongue, three all-the-fact British snobs."

I had remained standing to receive him, and when he had thus finished his little compliment, without vouchsafing one single word in reply, before he knew what I was at, I had the hero fast by the lobe of his ear, and just marching him down to the end of the room, passed him out into the hall by a very gentle application of my toe, and quietly shut the door upon him.

It was by no means a hard or malicious kick which I administered, but rather a courteous and formal kick of ceremony, if I may so describe it.

"Now," I said, turning to the remaining company, "if there is any other gentleman present who cares to come within reach of my fist, and repeat the sentiment of M. le viscomte, or M. le capitaine his nephew, I give him notice that I shall not trouble myself to treat him with the same tender consideration, but simply knock him down at once."

Then, after a pause, during which nobody seemed willing to embrace the opportunity thus offered, De Lyons and I made each a low bow to the whole party, who sat staring at us in solemn silence, and wishing them collectively a very good evening, requested to be accommodated with a private room, where the maitre d'hotel, who after the scene I have been describing seemed inclined to treat us with more respect, sent us up our supper which we had been refused below, and for which we were by that time fully prepared, even under the circumstances, to do full justice.

"Of course you will have to fight him," said De Lyons, "and the worst of it is, though I know you could not help yourself, by treating the fellow as you did, it is now for our side to offer satisfaction, and thus leave the choice of weapons, time, place, and every other advantage to the adversary. I wonder who he will fix upon as his friend to arrange matters? That sarcastic old rhinoceros of an uncle of his, I shouldn't wonder, who originated the row and forced the quarrel upon us. But while I am talking, my dear fellow, I forget that I must be off and find out what has become of the captain, and to whom he will refer us as his second. It never does, you know, to put oneself in the wrong on these occasions, I mean in regard to matters of strict etiquette, and particularly after the insulting remarks that old buff made in regard to the views of Englishmen in general upon duelling."

I think that I must have fallen off asleep before Taraxacum had even left the room, and soundly I must have slept for four or five hours; but I am sure that it did not seem more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour at the outside before my friend was in again, standing over me with a flaming candle, and then drawing back the window curtains though there was as yet no daylight to let in, telling me to look sharp and tumble up as soon as possible. Whether he had been to bed at all himself I cannot say, but he looked just as fresh and full of spirits as ever.

He had himself already been downstairs, and managed to procure for me a steaming cup of coffee, just to warm up "the cookies of my heart," as he expressed it, which, to tell the truth, in the state I was then in, I not a little required.

As I sat up on the side of my bed I was seized with such a violent fit of shivering, and felt myself suddenly to be so completely unnerved and downhearted, that I positively declared that nothing should induce me to go to the place of meeting, and in spite of all sense of shame or fear of disgrace, I really felt it.

I was morally and physically unable to face that danger which now appeared before my dejected mind in all its most horrible reality.

You may imagine what a state I must have been in when I did not feel ashamed to confess as much to De Lyons.

"You may go," I said, "if you please, "but I have made up my mind that nothing shall induce me to do so; I have no excuse to offer, and don't care to make one, and I don't care a rap what either the French officers or any one else may say or think of me. But I am not going to be such a fool as to go out to be killed, as I am quite sure I should be, as long as I can possibly help it by keeping out of the way of danger."

De Lyons stood staring at me with his eyes and mouth wide open as I thus shamelessly treated him to these ignoble sentiments. The words seemed to come out of my mouth in spite of myself, though they were precisely what I felt; and though I was not ashamed, I had a dim consciousness of being angry at thus exposing myself.

"This will never do," exclaimed De Lyons, still staring at me. "Pluck up, my dear fellow; just consider that the honour of your name, your family, even our country, as Englishmen, is at stake, that we should get through this affair creditably."

"Honor be hanged," I answered. "I tell you that I don't care a rap for the lot of it."

"Why, Frank Lombard, is this the way you are going to show the pluck, the bull-dog courage, for which ever since you were a boy you have always had the credit?"

"It is all very fine," I said, gloomily; "but since that strange illness of mine, I have been a totally changed being. What pluck I may have had originally by nature has been crippled and tampered with by Gories: not to speak of what was borrowed and never returned by your friend the Professor; and you yourself, Master De Lyons, managed to absorb a share of it at that same time, you know."

I thought I saw a smile play over his impudent face, but I should not have cared even if he had laughed right out and mocked at me. But he was serious again in an instant.

"By Jove," he said, "I wonder if that is so?"

"Have you learnt to disbelieve your own theories, and the result of your own experiences?" I asked.

"No; though I have given up that sort of thing lately," he replied, thoughtfully. "Yet there may be really something in what you say: but, as far as I am concerned, you can have back my share returned to you in a brace of shakes; and, what is more, I will force Gories to disgorge too. He would be the one to put you in the right state, if you would not mind allowing him to operate. I can do it, you know; but he has ten times the power that I have."

"Heaven forbid it!" I cried. I would rather lie down and die like a dog in a hole, than consent to put myself more under the influence and power of that infernal little fiend than I am already."

De Lyons stood for some minutes looking at me strangely, as if in deep consideration, and then uttering to himself, "Well, anything better than remain in the state of mind and feeling you seem to be at present; I must risk the consequences."

I knew what he was about but did not attempt or even wish to resist him. I quietly placed my hands in his, without a word passing between us, felt my gaze fixing, was just conscious of his making the slow magnetic passes, as my eyelids dropped heavily, only to open again, as it seemed to me, immediately.

Another cold shiver seized me all over, but it was not this time from any oppression of spirits or other internal affection, but from the effect of a jug of cold water which De Lyons was pouring in a slow stream down the nape of my neck. The candle was gone; and through the window, which was quite open, I could perceive that the morning light had dawned.

The first words which struck my ears, though I did not remember or put any meaning on them until some time afterwards, were—"It will satisfy him, if I think best to tell him of it, and make a better man of him; but now cut it, before he sees you." And I turned round just in time to see a figure slipping out of the door, which I felt sure was Gories.

De Lyons at first tried to shuffle out of the truth, but then confessed that he had called in Gories's assistance, and that, having put him "on rapport" with myself, while he himself acted as the intermediate medium, had insisted upon his restoring some portion at least of that quality of which he had become dishonestly possessed.

"In consequence of which," to use his own words, "as far from his acquiring a stronger influence, as you say you dread, there is now a much weaker community of feeling existing between you."

"How long have I been off?" I asked.

"A little more than half-an-hour. But see, the day is breaking; we shall have no time to lose. Do not you feel yourself to be a different man already?"

"It is a positive fact that I did. I rose up and stretched myself vigorously, feeling indeed a totally different and better man than I had been, I might say, for the last four or five months."

Cool and refreshed in spirit, with my nerves properly braced up, I now felt myself as firm and ready to hold my own in a good cause against any man in the world as ever I was in my life.

When De Lyons, delighted at the success of his experiment, had left me alone to dress, I leant for some minutes out of the open window, inhaling the sharp and frosty morning air, with the keenest sensation of exhilaration.

A regular course of good training could not have produced me the same consciousness of returning health and strength. I felt exactly as if I had received a new principle of life into my soul, and had just entered upon a new state of existence.

I was not long before I was ready, and De Lyons coming in with the sword, and the cork still on them, as he said, just for five minutes more practice to see that I had quite caught the dodge of the under-twist of the wrist, which he had tried to teach

me, and when I now took that well-balanced weapon in my hand, how different the grasp I had upon it felt from what it had been overnight!

As I parried Taraxacum's assaults in tierce and quart, I felt sure that all my old skill and confidence of the fencing school was once more revived in me. And as to the cunning twist, indeed, it consisted more in sheer strength of wrist than anything else.

"That is about the dodge, I think," I said as I whipped Taraxacum's sword out of his hand, so that its hilt came with a bang upon the floor almost hard enough to shiver the delicate blade into a dozen pieces.

"This won't do though, exactly," I exclaimed, when I had done laughing at Taraxacum's absurd face of astonishment at thus being shown the merit of his own dodge. We must not kick up this infernal noise, or we shall have the whole house about our ears."

"All right," said De Lyons; "never mind the noise, the room under this is no 56, where the venerable Viscount is in bed, and it will do him good to have his rest disturbed again. By the way, I am afraid that my little scheme for sending Gories in to rescue him up was a failure. I was in great hopes, for he was gone out of our room when I woke up about four o'clock, and I thought that he had gone off to invade the old butler's diggings, as I had directed him; but if he did, he must have twigg'd the bell, and sneaked away again without waking him. At any rate, there was no explosion, which I lay listening for, and Gories came back presently looking even more shy than usual, and tucked up to his bed again."

(To be Continued.)

DREAM JOY.

The world would be a dull sort of place were it not for day dreams. In these visions we have wealth, and joy, and honour, and love, such as we never actually experience.

No one is so rich as the young man who has just formed some plan for accumulating millions, and has in his pocket perhaps a crown or two—perhaps not.

No one is so famous as the young poet of sixteen, who has just written his first halting verse, and mails it to the magazine. In the distance he sees himself bowing thanks for the applause of millions. In the future he writes the greatest volume of the age, and all women adore him.

Who has ever loved as the unknown lover of the day-dream loves her? Ever constant, ever true, brave, noble, and the handsomest of men, he never loved before they met, and never would love again should he lose her.

Oh, the youth's lady-love is the fairest rose in all the garden, yet one no other has ever sought to win.

The wife of one who never marries is a perfect creature. The husband of one who keeps her maiden dreams unbroken, loves and cherishes and is never careless or forgetful.

And, oh, the children of those who never held any in their arms! how beautiful they were and how well they grew up! Never a home like the home we only dream of building. Never a voyage like the one we never take.

Often I think those who only dream of, and never actually possess what they desire, are the happiest in this world, and that Heaven is the only place where our dreams of happiness can ever be realised.

THE GOLDEN BOWL.

By the Author of "Dan's Treasure," "Olytic Cranbourne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE BLUE DRAWING-ROOM.

HILDA KEMPSON did not undervalue the difficulties which lay in her road to success, but at the same time she was not daunted by them.

She had the ready faculty of turning any accidental circumstance to her own advantage just as having heard that Godfrey Stoecombe was in the neighbourhood on the day of her uncle's death, she tried to fix the stigma of her own crime upon him.

In the same way her interview with Mr. Shrap-

nell had convinced her that if she followed the advice of her legal adviser, Carrie would not give up her possession of the Court and all that must come to her as her father's heir, until the law compelled her to do so, and the aid of the law, even had her claim been clearer than it was, Hilda Kempson dared not invoke.

The consequence was, if Carrie were to be got rid of, she must be made to go of her own free will, and to do this would require no mean skill, address and duplicity.

A whole week did Hilda Kempson take in maturing her plans, and during this period she and Carrie met only at dinner-time each day, and then servants were around them, conversation was confined to the most ordinary remarks, and directly the meal was over each lady retired to her own suite of rooms, instead of going together as they had previously done, to a drawing-room, where Sir John would join them later on.

And during this time strange rumours were floating about Clovelly and the country side—rumours which got so far as Exeter long before they reached the ears of the person most interested in them. Indeed the first intimation she received of their existence was contained in a letter from Lady Mary Mowerton, a sister of Lord Luton, who lived at Chawick, and with whom Carrie had always been a great favourite:

"MY DEAR CARRIE," she wrote: "Remember there is always a home for you in my house, whenever you want one. An old maid is an independent personage and can do pretty much as she likes, and if you will come and stay with me we shall be as happy as a couple of cats purring before a good fire. Never mind if you have lost Clovelly Court, and if that scamp, Sir Philip Walsingham, has turned catfiff when he found your legitimacy disputed; life is not used up at two-and-twenty, and a man who would marry a woman only for her wealth is well got rid of at any price. Come to me, my child; I am old enough to be your mother, and will be a mother to you if you will let me."

"MARY MOWERTON."

"Dear old soul; but what can she mean?" said Carrie as she read this letter. "Lost Clovelly! why I am in Clovelly or I am dreaming; and how dare she speak of Philip like this? True, he has not been to see me since that day. But, perhaps, he is away; perhaps he does not care to write till his return; a dozen things may have happened to him. I should, indeed, be unworthy of his love if I could not trust him longer and further than this. Poor dear Lady Mary has got hold of some absurd story. My legitimacy disputed, too! Surely no one could be mad enough to suppose that because I do not know where my parents were married they were not married at all. But I must write and soothe this dear old soul. If ever I do want a friend she is the first I should turn to. I will write and invite her to come and see me. How many younger women might envy Lady Mary's good temper, wit and amiability; if I am only like her when I grow old, married or not, I shall be happy."

And so saying, she sat down and wrote:

"MY DEAR LADY MARY.—Someone has been practising upon your credulity. Clovelly Court is mine—will, I believe, long remain so; if you doubt it, come and see me. Indeed you could not do a greater kindness than to come and cheer me up, for I am both sad and lonely. I don't think Sir Philip merits the bad opinion you entertain of him."

"Your own loving

"CARRIE CAREW."

Then she sent the letter off to be posted at once, and tried to amuse herself with some intricate work upon which she was engaged.

But she was restless and disturbed in mind, the work was thrown aside, and she took up a novel, only to put it down again with still greater impatience.

It was early in November, and the wind was loud and boisterous, swaying and tossing about the branches of the trees, despoiling them of their thickly falling leaves, and scattering the ground with their now withered and discarded glory.

Though it was not positively raining, yet between the gusts of wind heavy drops would dash against the windows as though opportunity were only waiting for a regular downpour.

The sea is not visible from Clovelly, for the Court stands in a wide and richly cultivated valley, but at the base of the rock upon which Wembury Church stands, and which is within view of the window where Carrie is looking out, the mighty Atlantic rolls in its restless billows, and though the girl cannot see the foam-crested waters, memory

brings them to her mind, and she wishes she were up there to enjoy the scene and the keen, cold air.

Thus standing, thinking and dreaming, she is conscious of a horseman riding away from the Court.

For a few seconds her eyes follow him, wondering if she cannot be mistaken; but no, she cannot hug this hope to her heart. It is Sir Philip Walsingham. He has been to the Court and she has not seen him.

Silently she watches him, until the road he is pursuing winding round a hill hides him from her sight, then she crosses the room and rings the bell sharply.

Of course it is the fault of the servants, a fault she will not have repeated, and she says, with more impetuosity than is usual with her:

"Tell Mrs. Winstay I want to see her."

A few seconds later, and the housekeeper, once her governess, is in her presence.

"Mrs. Winstay, Sir Philip Walsingham has been here; why was I denied to him? I have given no orders to that effect!"

"No, Miss Carrie; nor were you denied to him; he never asked to see you."

"Never asked for me! To whom was his visit, then?"

"To Mrs. Kempton!"

"Hilda!" and the girl staggered and turned pale.

"Yes, miss; perhaps if you were to have an understanding it would be as well. But pray be firm, Miss Carrie, and remember we are all your servants, and from the highest to the lowest of us, will all obey you."

"Of course; but what do you mean?"

"I'd rather you'd ask Mrs. Kempton; she is your cousin, and you can speak to each other freely. The gossip that reaches me is not always to be relied upon."

"True! tell Hilda I wish to see her in the blue drawing-room in ten minutes time. Tell her yourself, Mrs. Winstay."

"I will, miss, but let me beg of you to be firm, and to remember you are your father's daughter?"

"Do you think I am likely to forget it?"

"I hope not!"

With which parting shot, the housekeeper withdrew.

"What does it all mean, I wonder?" moaned the girl, passing her hands over her forehead, as though to clear her brain or mental vision. That letter—Philip going away without even asking for me. Mr. Shrapnell's warnings and doubts. Winstay's exhortation to firmness, and assurances of obedience? I feel as though the waves were coming over me, and I could not escape?"

Ten minutes later, however, and she walked into the blue drawing-room, where Hilda a few seconds afterwards joined her.

Both of them were dressed in deep mourning, but despite the colour and texture of their garments, the contrast between them was striking.

Carrie, tall, willowy and fair, her violet blue eyes, golden hair, and ivory-like complexion thrown into relief by her heavy crape dress, showing refinement, high breeding and culture, in every glance and movement.

Her cousin, looking very much like a well-to-do burgundian, somewhat passed, with but few, if any, of the attributes that usually mark a lady; the difference between them was as great as that of a high-bred racer and a fine specimen of a brewer's dray horse.

Hilda felt her inferiority, winced under it, but she was by far the cleverest of the two, and she had no hesitation in putting her unholty talent to its use.

"Sir Philip Walsingham has been here?" observed Carrie, eyeing her cousin sternly.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And you received him?"

"Of course I did."

"But he came to see me."

"Indeed! He did not say so. In point of fact I wrote to him?"

"You wrote to him?"

"Yes! I wished to spare you as much as possible, Carrie. You and poor dear uncle were always kind to me?" and the handkerchief went up to the eyes, while there was a sound like that of sobbing; "and," she went on, Carrie not interrupting her, "I had heard of something like an engagement between you two, so I wrote to ask him to come and see me, that I might tell him, though Clovelly cannot be yours, I shall be glad to settle thirty thousand pounds upon you on your marriage."

"And he said?"

"I—I cannot tell you. It was mean and cruel?"

"What do you mean? What are you driving at with your deceitful schemes?" asked Carrie, passionately, starting to her feet. "Tell me frankly, if you can,

and know how to speak without reservation; what do you mean about Clovelly never being mine? It is mine! and how dare Sir Philip Walsingham say anything mean and cruel about me?"

"Don't you know? But you must know," said Hilda, with surprise and something like indignation and contempt in her tones. "I have borne it all patiently so far, but now, though I am willing to act generously, and the Court may be your home as long as you choose to remain in it, you must recognise the fact that you have, in fact, no legal name at all; your father and mother were never married, and you know what the offspring of such a connection is in the eyes of the law."

"It is an abominable falsehood!" exclaimed Carrie, and you know it."

"Does that look like a falsehood?" asked Hilda, handing the letter she had shown with such ill success to the lawyer.

Mr. Shrapnell was suspicious, cool, and looking for deception. Carrie was carried away by feeling and passion; and her own fruitless inquiries concerning her mother came now to convince her that this horrible story was true.

"How long have you had this letter?" she asked, in a voice so unlike her own.

"Ever since my father died."

"And I have known nothing of it. How cruel!"

"I could not tell you!" returned Hilda, "besides, uncle could have made a will and disposed of his property as he liked."

"Ah!"

"I don't want to be ungenerous or unfair, Carrie," pursued the widow, with seeming kindness. "You see from that letter, that thirty thousand pounds was given by your father to mine, to renounce his right to Clovelly. I'm not bound by his deed, but I will return that sum on your wedding day, and so I told Sir Philip Walsingham just now."

"It was generous of you, certainly; and what did he say?"

"I have told you, his words were cruel and unkind."

"Still I wish to hear them."

"Very well. First of all he said he had only flirted with you, and had never meant to marry you."

Carrie seemed to shrink with agony into half her natural size, but she uttered no sound of pain, and her cousin went on.

"Then he said as you were fond of him he might have married you had you been mistress of Clovelly, but he should never think of doing so with the bar sinister against your name."

"What a chivalrous man! Thank Heaven no one asked him to marry me except you, and of your sincerity and love, my dear father, were he alive, could, no doubt, answer better than I, but remember Hilda:

"Though the mills of Heaven grind slowly,

Yet they grind exceeding small,

Though with patience He stands waiting,

With exactness grinds He all."

When the day of reckoning comes, and the ghosts rise up to condemn you, remember my warning."

And without another word Carrie left the room.

"What will she do now," pondered Hilda.

But the question was answered more promptly than she expected, for on her return from Wembury, where she went to see Dr. Bristol, she was met with the information that Miss Carrie had left the Court, gone to Plymouth the servants believed, and elected to travel alone, and had gone without leaving word as to when she would return.

"What an idiot!" was Hilda's comment. In her case I would have fought to the last. But I, at any rate, am well rid of her."

With which she sat down to dinner, as though the loss of a cousin were a very trifling affliction.

CHAPTER XVII.

OUT ALONE IN THE WORLD.

THE night mail from Plymouth to London starts at 7.45, and this Carrie Carew resolved to travel by.

Her interview with her cousin had stung her almost beyond endurance.

To be offered to Sir Philip Walsingham, and refused by him, was in itself an intolerable outrage and indignity; but to be a dependant upon Hilda Kempton's bounty, to live with the brand of shame upon her in the same house, over which she had hitherto been the honoured mistress, was a humiliation which nothing earthly would have induced her to submit to.

"Now I can understand Lady Mary's letter," she thought, bitterly. "She has heard of my wrongs,

and flown to the rescue; dear old creature, but I could not go to her, I can never look on the face of an old friend again, if this is true."

Then she ordered her travelling boxes, and with her own hands began to assist in packing up her wardrobe, and the things she considered her own and intended to take with her.

But one is never quite independent of one's fellow-creatures, and Carrie found that she could not even get away from the Court without some assistance, any more than she found it possible to avoid giving a reason for her sudden journey.

"Where are you going to, Miss Carrie," asked Mrs. Winstay with determination.

"Never mind, I am going; that is enough; and I don't wish any one to go with, or follow me?"

"You will excuse me, Miss Carrie, but I should not be doing my duty if I let you go away like this; and go where you will, unless it's to the house of some friend, I will go too."

"What! I am disobeyed already, Winstay, and by you?" exclaimed Carrie, with both pain and reproach in her voice.

"It's only for your own sake, Miss Carrie, you've been dreadfully put out about something, and you are doing an unwise thing in going away now; you've never been anywhere without a servant to attend you in your life, and I should be blamed by everyone who heard of it, if you went away now, without even saying where you are going or taking a maid and footman with you."

"Well, I will tell you; I had a letter from Lady Mary Monckton this morning, asking me to come and see her, and I am going to London by the night mail from Plymouth. Now don't worry me any more; you may come and see me off if you like, but I won't have anyone to go with me."

"Shall I telegraph to say you are coming?" asked the housekeeper, but half convinced.

"No, I have written. Help me to pack this trunk, or get something for me to eat. Winstay. I shan't be here to dinner," and then Carrie went into the next room, and Mrs. Winstay knew well enough that she would be able to get nothing more satisfactory from her.

"I'll see her off, of course; but I'm almost inclined to follow her," mused the housekeeper. "What will she do reaching London at four o'clock in the morning and alone, too? Besides, suppose she has written, Lady Mary won't get the letter in time for anybody to meet her. I'll follow her, or I'll telegraph, that's certain."

With which resolution Mrs. Winstay ordered the cook to serve up as good a dinner as she could upon such short notice.

An hour later, and one of the Carew spring carriages, followed by a light spring cart laden with Carrie's luggage, started from the Court on its way to Plymouth, a full two hours' drive.

"We shall be in time to catch the train, I hope," said the young lady, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, in good time, Miss Carrie; but when are you coming back again?"

"When I am again mistress of Clovelly Court," was the reply; "until then you need not expect to see me."

"But, Miss Carrie," urged the housekeeper.

"My dear Winstay, don't worry me," was the instant reply, "I know what I am about; no one can control me. If Hilda's vile story is true, no one has a legal right to control me; if it is not, still I am of age and my own mistress; and in this case I will not be interfered with—I will go my own way. I am nearly mad with the wrongs and indignities that have been heaped upon me."

"I should never get mad with anything Mrs. Kempton could say," returned the housekeeper, with supreme contempt, "I should only take care that she never meddled with my food. I am surprised at you, Miss Carew. I would respect my father and mother's memory too much to be driven like an outcast from their home if I were you."

"It never was my mother's home!" retorted the girl, passionately; "if it ever had been—if I had known her, it would have been different."

"It would have been her home if she had not died," said the housekeeper, gravely. "Think a moment, Miss Carrie; was your father a man to sail under false pretences, or do what he was ashamed for the world to know? If there had been a stain upon your birth do you think that you would ever have lived at the Court, or that your coming of age would have been celebrated as it was?"

"I don't know, Winstay; I want to get away. Don't talk to me, I have been wronged, insulted; I cannot tell you, I dare not even think of it. I will write to you, or you will hear from me through Lady Mary; but don't say any more; I feel as though no



[IN THE BLUE DRAWING ROOM.]

physical pain could ever equal the agony I suffer."

"And you will write to me, Miss Carrie?"

"Yes."

And then there was silence until the carriage drove into the Great Western Station at Plymouth.

Only ten minutes for trunks to be labelled, tickets to be obtained—for of course there was three times as much luggage as the company allowed one passenger—and Carrie had taken her seat, keeping the housekeeper close to the carriage until it rolled out of the station with the rest of the train, and Mrs. Winstay's figure was the last familiar one that she saw as she drifted off like an aimless flower upon the eddying stream of life.

"Going with her is out of the question," thought that worthy woman, as she watched the train slowly leave the station; "but it's not too late to telegraph, and I'll tell Lady Mary to send a servant to Paddington to meet her."

And in pursuance of her resolution she went to the telegraph office and sent off her message, being assured it would reach its destination in half an hour. Then, with her mind somewhat relieved as to the fate of her young mistress, she went to Clovelly Court to begin a new term of service under one whom she both suspected and despised.

"Chance, which serves us oft when our deep plots do pall," was in Carrie's favour to-night. The telegram which Mrs. Winstay had sent did not reach its destination until ten o'clock the next morning, for Master Tommy Shirkall, a youth of some twelve years of age, employed by the Postal Telegraph to take the pink slip of paper from the office to the house where it was directed, was this night suffering from toothache, his feet were wet, the rain was falling heavily, Monckton Cottage, Lady Mary's house, was half-a-mile off, and Master Tommy had visions of his mother's cosy fire-side, and the hot soup she had promised him for his supper. The soup must be ready by this time, he would not have to return to the office again for the night, and perhaps from familiarity, being thoroughly unimpressed with the importance of a telegram, Master Tommy put it in his pouch, trudged home to his soup, and forgot all about the precious missive until he was on his way to the office the next morning. To take it then would make him late in putting in his appearance; so he must wait until chance took him in the same direction, when he could fulfil his neglected duty, and as I have observed, this did not happen until ten o'clock, just as Lady Mary had finished her break-

fast. Meanwhile the mail-train, bringing Carrie Carow in it, was dashing onward towards London.

Eight hours! The time seemed as though it would never pass.

Thanks to Mrs. Winstay's judicious tipping of the guard, Carrie had the carriage to herself, and could lie down upon the cushions, and wrap herself up in her rugs, but she could not sleep. Her brain was in too excited a condition for that, and even when she dozed off for a few minutes she woke up again with a terrified scream, feeling as though some one were trying to choke her. It seemed the longest night she had ever passed, before the train stopped at Exeter, and the guard came to ask her if she would like any refreshment.

"Yes, a cup of coffee, if you please," was the reply, and she drank it when brought to her, though it was nauseous stuff. Then, as the train started again, she lay down upon the extemporised bed of cushions, wrapped herself up warmly, and fell into a deep sleep. The swaying of the train acted upon her overstrained nerves like the rocking of an infant in its carefully slung cot, and she slept on and on, dreaming but vaguely of Philip Walsingham and Frederick Monckton, a dream in which the two got inextricably mixed, when she was suddenly aroused from it by the carriage-door being opened, and a gruff voice saying, as though in protest at having to be awake and out of bed at such an unseemly hour:

"Your ticket, miss?"

After some delay the ticket was produced, taken away, and the train and its occupants allowed to proceed on their way to Paddington.

In those few minutes between the taking of the tickets and final stopping of the train, Carrie Carow pulled herself together, as it were, and faced her position.

Here she was in London without a friend or protector, for any friend who could help her she had resolved not to seek.

The first question that one would naturally have supposed would have troubled her was, "Where should she go?" but on the contrary, it was, "How should she manage so that no trace or clue to her whereabouts could be discovered?"

She had but a few minutes in which to make up her mind; but by the time the train stopped her resolve was taken.

"Where do you want to go, madam?" asked the obliging guard, as stiff and cramped she stepped out of the train at Paddington.

"To Victoria Station," was the immediate reply.

Not without some difficulty and persuasion were Carrie's eight boxes mounted upon a four wheeled cab.

She had not yet learned that to successfully hide one's self, the fewer possessions the individual seeking oblivion possesses the better.

It was not quite five o'clock when the cab, so laden with luggage that it looked as though it would fall over, being top heavy, reached Victoria Station, and here the young lady had them put in the cloak room, paid the cab-driver, then went to inquire for the earliest train going to Clapham Junction.

Fortunately for herself, Carrie Carow had been in London a great many times, therefore the highways and byways of the great metropolis were not quite unknown to her.

The first train going to Clapham Junction would not start until 6.50, she had thus nearly two hours to wait, and she found the time in the smoky little waiting-room hang heavily enough.

It approached at last as all things that one patiently waits for must, and then Carrie went to re-claim her luggage, get her ticket, and wait for the train to start.

While her boxes stood on the platform, however, unnoticed as it seemed by anyone, she deliberately changed the W at the end of her surname, into Y, thus making the name look like Miss Carey, instead of Miss Carow, and satisfied that this would for a time mislead anyone who should seek her, she once more started upon her aimless way.

Clapham Junction was soon reached, and here, trusting herself to the guidance of a friendly porter, she and her luggage were taken to the Railway Star, a comfortable hotel, where she was readily provided with breakfast and a bed, her unusual amount of luggage being taken as a guarantee of her respectability.

But she could not remain here many hours.

Breakfast, a long sleep, a refreshing bath, and then, re-invigorated, she started once more. She was going back again to London; this time, however, she went to Waterloo Station, and leaving her luggage there, she walked out to find, that by no means easily discovered desideratum, a respectable lodging for a single woman.

This was, however, what Carrie Carow, until now the mistress of Clovelly Court, had come to.

(To be Continued.)



[AN IRISH SCENE.]

DUBLIN DAN; OR, THE ROSE OF BALLYHOOLAN.

CHAPTER I.

DAN AT HIS PRANKS.

DAN DEERING was the only son of Squire Deering, of Loughmahon, a pretty little estate of three thousand acres, all good fertile land.

Loughmahon was in the parish of Ballyhoolan, a small village, six miles from the town of Ennisfallon and forty from Dublin.

At fifteen years of age, there was not a livelier boy in all Ireland than the son and heir of Squire Deering.

He had been sent for two years to school in Dublin, and this fact got him the nickname of Dublin Dan.

Tom Deering had married early in life a poor girl named Flannigan, who lived with her mother in Ballyhoolan.

Mrs. Flannigan had often been asked to come and dwell at the hall at Loughmahon, but she steadily refused, preferring her old cottage, and a moderate income left her by her deceased husband, to all the luxury she could have had at her son-in-law's.

By his marriage, Tom Deering had given great offence to his only relation, a brother, by name Luke, who resided in England.

He was indifferently well off, and had hoped some day to get his brother's money, but his hope vanished when Dan was born.

Luke had once asked his brother Tom for a loan, and being refused had gone away, vowing vengeance.

Report said that Luke was a worthless gambler, and an attendant of races, making his living anyway he could.

At the time our story opens, about ten years ago, there was great discontent in Ireland, and the boys spoke privately of a Fenian rising. A regiment of British soldiers, however, at Ennisfallon prevented them from talking openly.

Tom Deering was suspected of being friendly to the cause, as he was a thorough Irishman, and

strangers frequently came and went from Dublin to Loughmahon.

Dan knew little about national matters, though he could shout "Ireland for the Irish," and knew the difference between green and red as well as what was meant by a harp without a crown.

It was Easter time, and he was home from Dublin for the holidays.

Dan had been out all the morning with his gun, looking for wild ducks on the lough.

This was an extensive sheet of water, stretching from the hall nearly to the village.

His luck had been indifferent, he having bagged only a couple of brace.

"I'll take these to grandmother," he said to himself.

Turning round he walked in the direction of the village, his grandmother's cottage being situated about a quarter of a mile on the high road, leading to Ballyhoolan.

The day was dull and cloudy, rain having fallen during the night, and a cold breeze was blowing from the north-east.

A short walk brought him to the cottage of the Widow Flannigan.

This was small, brick built, but clean and neatly whitewashed, its proportions being set off by several fine trees, and a pretty, well-kept garden adorned the front.

"Are you home, granny?" cried Dan, opening the door.

"The saints be good to us!" replied an old woman rising from the side of a huge fire-place, in which a hanging pot was cooking something with a savory smell. "Is it you, Dan?"

"Yes, granny, and I've brought you a few ducks. If I wasn't in a hurry to meet some of the boys I'd stop and pluck them for you."

"The Lord be praised you've come!" said the old woman. I've had bad dreams about ye, Sam, and the banshee's been walling round the house, which is a sure sign of death to the Deerings.

Dan's face blanched a little at this weird prediction, but he knew his grandmother to be eccentric, and did not attach much importance to what he called "old woman's talk."

"It's a pity you haven't something better to do," gran," he cried, "than to be awake listening to banshees."

The Widow Flannigan shook her head, and hanging up the ducks took a seat once more in the capacious, old-fashioned chair.

"There's trouble for our family," she said, "trouble coming on apace, but who can tell where it will strike."

"Well, gran, I'm off," replied Dan, who did not care to stay when Mrs. Flannigan was in one of her gloomy, prophetic moods.

"Stay!" she cried, imperiously.

"What is it now?" he asked, a little petulantly. She regarded the tall, handsome boy fondly for a moment, and her eyes seemed to fill with tears.

"Ye'll promise me, Dan," she exclaimed, "that ye'll mind and be careful wi' strangers?"

"I always am."

"There's a stranger in your fortune, and a long journey to a distant land."

Dan laughed.

"I'm not afraid," he replied.

"Did you ever know a Deering who was?" she answered. "No, no, ye're aye too venturesome for your own interests. What news at home, honey?" she added.

"We've had some strangers from Dublin and Cork. Uncle Luke's written to say that he's coming down to sell father a horse, that's all."

"Uncle Luke!" repeated the old woman. "That's the form I could not make out in my dreams. That's where the danger lies. Beware of him, for he's a villain, Dan."

"I've never had much opinion of him myself," answered Dan.

"He's kith and kin of yours, but he's no friend of you or yours, mark that."

"He's not likely to hurt me," said Dan, "so good-bye, granny. I'll be round again soon; and mother told me she was coming to see you to-morrow."

"Heaven bless you and preserve you," cried the widow, as she pressed his hand warmly, at the same time pressing her wrinkled lips against his cheek.

Dan took his leave of the Widow Flannigan, and walked up the road, whistling merrily.

It was not for want of thought, however, that he whistled, for his grandmother's words had made a deep impression on him.

Mrs. Flannigan was considered by the Irish to whom she was known to have the gift of second sight, and her dreams were not to be lightly put on one side.

To see a banshee, or at least to hear it wail, was another serious matter. But whatever effect her words might have made upon him, was quickly dissipated by the sight of two boys.

These were the sons of squireens or small farmers

in the neighbourhood; not large estated gentlemen like Dan's father, but every whit as much esteemed.

One was Tim O'Leary, the other Mike Cogan. Before them was a middle-aged woman, who was staggering along the road under the influence of more whisky than was good for her.

The boys were laughing and making fun of the woman, who at times would turn round and shake her fist at them.

"Hey, Dan," cried O'Leary; "sure and yez are just in time for the fun."

"What is it?" asked Dan.

"Mrs. Haggerty's been up to the wake-house at Patey McFadden's—you'll mind his boy died of the fever—and they've filled her full of the rare stuff."

Mrs. Haggerty faced the boys again, and looked angrily at them.

"It's a falsehood, ye spalpeen," she exclaimed. "I'm as sober as the rest of yez. It's graie alone that's thrubling me at all at all, bad cess to yez."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Tim and Mike.

"How'd yer whist now?" cried Mrs. Haggerty. "I'll say this for McFadden, that for foightin' and tratin' and elegant whisky, he takes the precedence."

Dan gave his friends a wink which meant mischief, and advancing to Mrs. Haggerty, with a polite bow, offered her his arm.

"You know me," he cried, "and I'm sure you won't be too proud to accept my arm. I see you are tired, and I'll take you home."

"Do I know you? Devil a one better in the whole parish, Dublin Dan, as they call yez, and ye know me."

"Of course I do. You're Mrs. Haggerty, the miller's wife, down below here in the hollow."

"That's true for you, and by me sowl, Dan, it's the elegant thrashing the miller would be affther givin' those lads if he was here."

"Never mind them. Sit down on this stone and rest, ma'am, while I chase these fellows away," replied Dan.

"It's meself that will be doing that same, man, for, by the powers, for foightin', tratin', and elegant whisky, McFadden takes the precedence."

She sat down upon a high, flat stone by the road-way, to which Dan conducted her, breathing a sigh of relief.

Dan pretended to run after Tim and Mike, but in reality his intentions were totally different.

There was a calf grazing hard by, tied by a long rope to a stake stuck in the ground.

Releasing the stake end of the rope, Dan drew the calf up to where Mrs. Haggerty was sitting.

In her muddled condition, she did not see what he was doing.

"Take a seat by my side," she exclaimed.

"Thank you, ma'am, I will," he answered.

"Are the boys affther goin'?" If not, I'll have to give them a piece of my mind."

"They're a mile off by this time."

In reality Tim and Mike were hiding against a stone wall in obedience to a sign made them by Dublin Dan.

With a gentle dexterity which approached the sleight of hand of a conjurer, Dan passed the rope round the woman's waist and made it fast.

There was now the calf calmly grazing at one end, unsuspecting of danger, and Mrs. Haggerty reposing on a stone at the other, unmindful that there were such mischievous creatures as boys in existence.

"Well, I'll be going now," said Dan.

"And it's meself that's thanking you this day," replied Mrs. Haggerty. "Me husband, the miller, will be along soon with his cart, and I'll have a ride home. Ooh! this is the grate day entirely, and it's the foine time I had at the wake-house, for foightin' and tratin', and elegant whisky, McFadden takes the precedence."

He rose from the stone and joined Tim O'Leary and Mike Cogan, under the wall.

"Now, boys," said Dan, "pick up some good, heavy stones and fire at the enemy."

"And which do yez mean by the enemy?" inquired Mike.

"Why, the calf, to be sure. Don't you see that I've tied one end of the rope to the old woman, and when the calf runs, she'll have to go too."

The boys grinned and picked up a handful of stones each, Dan setting them an example by striking the inoffensive animal on the flank.

No sooner did the calf begin to feel the stings and arrows, as it were, of its tormentors, than it set off at a gallop, its tail lowered and its head high in the air.

The first jerk brought Mrs. Haggerty off the stone, the second sent her on her back, and the third lifted her to her feet with a yell that would have scared all the boys at Donnybrook Fair.

"Ooh! murder!" she cried, "it's kilt intirely I am! What's got me, anyway? Oh, wicra! wicra! what'll I do?"

She caught the rope in her hands and took a look at the calf.

It did not take her long to comprehend the trick that had been played upon her.

Then a trial of strength ensued between her and the calf, the latter stung by the stones which the boys continued to throw, having much the best of the encounter.

"Pitch in, boys! Give it to her hot! Let her have it!" cried Dan.

He and his companion emerged from their place of concealment, no longer caring to hide.

The calf pulled Mrs. Haggerty along, she tugging at the rope and screaming at the top of her voice.

"Sit up, there! sit up!" she exclaimed, addressing first the calf and then the boys. "Ooh! and it's ashamed of yersel' yez ought to be, but I know you, Tim O'Leary, and you, Mike Cogan. Oh, Dublin Dan! Oh, Dan Deering! that I should have been so deceived in yez! How'd up you bastards! What's the matter wid yez? But I'll have my revenge for this as sure as my name's Haggerty, or devil take me, and that's an oath! Ooh! blessed saints! what'll I do? Arrah! beaisy now! What ails the crayther, to run like that, and me, a respectable married woman, to be dragging after him? Oosone! this is a painful thing they've done to me, and me jist affther lavin' the wake-house too. I'll be even with you, ye rapparees, now mind me. I want to be going home, and, be jabbers, it's braking me back altogether he is, bad cess to the whole of ye!"

The boys were so choked with laughing at the comical plight of the miller's wife that they could not throw any more stones.

But the calf was thoroughly frightened and aroused.

Nothing short of a flash of lightning could have stopped him, or a bullet.

Never had Mrs. Haggerty run so fast. Her legs went like the spokes of a wheel, and her rather large feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground.

Suddenly there was a noise of wheels, and a man was seen driving along in a cart with some sacks of corn.

"Run, Dan, run!" cried Tim. "It's the miller himself. Come on, Mike; he'll thrash us like corn if he catches us."

"Don't do anything of the sort!" exclaimed Dan. "If any one is to blame in this matter it's me and I'm not going to run."

"What'll you do?" asked Tim, in surprise. "Stay where you are?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And you won't let him touch us?" said Mike Cogan.

"He shan't harm a hair of your heads."

"If Dublin Dan says so he means it, and we can trust him," cried Tim.

The two boys stood together in a tremulous state of expectation, while Dan Deering advanced boldly to the front.

Meanwhile the cart had come close to the calf, and the miller recognised his wife.

"Tare an' oust!" he exclaimed, angrily, "what's this?"

"Shoot the crayther! Shanu, shoot him!" replied Mrs. Haggerty, "or he'll drag the life out of me! It's dyin' I am now!"

The miller hastily produced a pistol and shot the calf in the head.

Then he dismounted and cut the rope around his wife's waist.

"Whose calf is it?" he said, examining the animal, adding, quickly: "Oh, bedad, I've killed me own calf!"

"Your own! Is it ours?" she asked.

"Don't I know my own, more by token that he had a white mark on his forehead. Norah, this is a bad day for us. I wouldn't have taken a hundred pounds for him, seeing he was of the Devonshire breed. What caused you, woman, to rin behind him that way?"

"Who wouldn't rin, when she was tied by a thafe of a boy like Dublin Dan, and there he stau's grinning as if he'd done a fine thing to be proud of."

The miller had his whip in his hand, and was running up to Dan, seized him by the arm.

"By the howly rianants!" he cried; "I'll make you repeat this!"

"Will you?" replied Dan, coolly.

"What did you want to tie me wife to a cow for?"

"It was a calf."

"That's what I mane; and my own calf, too. I'll have the law of you for this; but first, mabachal, I'll take it out of your hide."

He raised his whip threateningly.

"Don't touch me," replied Dan. "You'll be sorry for it, if you do."

The miller's only answer was to strike Dan over the shoulders with the whip, giving him a heavy blow.

He was about to repeat the cut, when Dan, by a dextrous movement, tripped him up, causing him to fall on the back of his head.

Spurning him contemptuously with his foot, he said:

"Don't you dare to touch Dan Deering again. That blow you gave me will be the worse day's work you've done for a long time."

The miller only answered with a groan.

He had been slightly stunned by the fall, and was not in a condition to move for a little while.

Mrs. Haggerty rushed to her husband's assistance crying bitterly:

"My curse upon ye!" she exclaimed. "May you never have a day's luck agin, ye mabachal! It's kilt he is. Oh, woe's me! woe's me!"

Dan contented himself with breaking the whip in half and throwing the pieces on the ground. Then he joined his companions, saying:

"This way, lads!"

And all three jumped over the stone wall, walking across the fields.

"Ye'r going home, Dan?" asked Mike.

"Not yet," replied Dan, biting his lip.

"You're left your gun," said Tim to Dan.

"Oh, let her go. I've lets more at home," answered Dan. "Tell you what we'll do, boys—we'll run the mill dry."

"Do what?" asked Mike Cogan.

"Run the mill dry, by letting out the water above the dam."

"That's a great iday intirely," said Tim, lost in admiration.

"If Dublin Dan says he'll do it," no one can shup him," remarked Mike.

Dan increased his pace, and with Mike on one side of him and Tim on the other, walked rapidly toward a small stream which supplied Shaun Haggerty's mill with water.

In his face there was a fierce determination.

CHAPTER II.

"UNCLE LUKE."

HAGGERTY'S Mill was situate on the top of a hill leading down into the valley where nestled the little village of Ballyhoon.

A quarter of a mile from the mill he had erected a dam, which held the water supply.

Just above the dam was a flood-gate, which, on being opened, allowed the water to rush down a ravine, and this was rendered necessary when the freshets coming from the hills swelled the volume of the stream and threatened to break away the dam.

The season, however, had been an unusually dry one, as there had been little snow, and the spring rains had not yet set in.

Consequently, any loss of water above the dam would prove a material loss to the miller, who would not have enough to run his mill until there was a heavy rain to increase the supply.

Dan knew this, and that was why he resolved to let out the water, to run the mill dry, which act might keep the mill idle for weeks.

A sharp walk brought him and his friends to the spot he desired to reach.

The flood-gate could be reached by means of a stout stick inserted in a wheel, which, on being turned, brought up the sluice.

It was not long before Dan found the sort of pole he was looking for.

Scarcely had he grasped it, however, before he saw a man approaching.

"Look out!" exclaimed Mike. "Someone's coming!"

Dan dropped the pole and folding his arms, waited to see who it was.

To his surprise, he recognised his father's brother, the Uncle Luke of whom we have spoken in the previous chapter.

He was a short, thick-set man, with dark hair, and deeply-cut, overhanging eyebrows. The expression of his face was not pleasant, and his manner was decidedly overbearing and imperious.

"How are you, uncle?" said Dan.

"Well, thank you," replied Luke Deering. "Your folks had my letter, I suppose?"

"They had. Did you bring the new horse with you?"

"It is coming to-morrow from Ennisfallen. I am walking to the Hall, and feel like taking a little rest and smoking a pipe."

"Take the short cut, uncle, down that ravine," replied Dan. "Rest half way down, and when I have set some lines for eels, with my friends here, I'll join you, and we'll walk home together."

"A very good idea," replied Luke Deering, lighting his pipe, "I'll wait for you where you say."

They shook hands, and Luke Deering, without much difficulty, walked down the ravine.

About half way down what seemed to be an ancient water-course, he settled himself on the trunk of a fallen tree, and with his back turned to the boys, appeared to fall into a deep reverie.

"Begorra, Dan," said Mike Coglan, "you'll drown your uncle if you love him stay there."

"I don't like him," replied Dan, "and it will do him good to have a ducking."

"But excuse my ignorance, Dan. Won't the tide carry him right away when we let the water out to run the mill dry?"

"If he don't hold on fast it will, but I tell you I don't care for him; he's stuck up. My father married a poor girl, as you know."

"The Widow Flannigan's daughter," said Tim.

"Yes; and since then, we've never been good enough for him," replied Dan.

"Oh, be jabbers!" answered Tim, "and if that's the pride he's got in him, a ducking's too good for him. A three-hearted Irish girl's a wife fit for a king."

"I don't like any man who looks down on my mother," replied Dan.

"Small blame to you, my boy!" exclaimed Mike, "seeing that she's the real lady and good to the poor."

Dublin Dan was a boy of few words when he was in earnest, and he at once set to work to gratify his hostility to his uncle, and fulfill the threat he had made to the miller.

The stout stick was introduced into the hole made for the purpose in the flood-gate.

His unaided exertions, however, were insufficient to move the machinery, so he had to call upon Tim and Mike, who literally put their shoulders to the wheel.

The sluice began to move.

Turning the handle vigorously, the boys had the satisfaction of seeing the water flow down the ravine slowly at first but gradually increasing in its violence until, at last, it rushed away in a perfect flood, carrying stones, and mud, and stumps with it.

When the sluice or flood-gate had gone as far as it could go, Dan turned round to view the scene.

Uncle Luke was undisturbed by the rush and roar of the water, probably having fallen asleep, which was very natural, as the day was of a mild and enervating nature, and he had travelled some distance.

All at once the torrent, for such it in reality became, caught him in the back, and sent him six feet on his way toward the bottom of the ravine.

Fortunately for him he contrived to catch hold of the branch of a tree and swung himself upon dry land.

Wet to the skin, bruised, panting for breath, with his hat gone, and his hair flying in wild disorder around his eyes, he looked up. The figure of Dan and the boys met his gaze, and their laughing faces at once revealed to him the trick of which he had been the victim. He shook his fist angrily at them, and a faint echo of his voice was borne toward them by the wind.

Then he shook himself like a dog just out of the water, and disappeared in a slump of trees on his right hand.

"Gone to tell my father," said Dan. "That won't make much difference, though I expect I shall have a lively time when I reach home, as the chances are Higgerty will be at the hall, too, with a long string of my bad doings."

"I wish you well out of it, Dan," replied Mike.

"It's meself that's wishing you the same thing," exclaimed Tim, "and if there's any unpleasantness at the house come and see us, we'll give you the best millie faith, as father says when he's talking about the Irish who are coming here to liberate us."

"Hush, Tim," said Dan. "You mustn't talk that way. It's not safe to breathe a word, I've heard father say."

"I wouldn't breathe a word, would I, if I thought there were informers about," answered Tim. "Shure your father and mine are in for the good cause, and aren't our leaders coming over from America?"

"Yes, yes," replied Dan. "But we've got to keep a quiet tongue or the soldiers from Ennisfallon will be down on us."

"I'll kape as quiet as any one of the boys, when there's any one round. Didn't I see the boys drillin' last night?"

"Shure and they're drillin' every night," said Mike Coglan, "and don't I wish I was old enough to join them?"

"Ye'll live long enough yet, Mike," replied Dan, "to strike a blow for old Ireland."

"Heaven send I may," exclaimed the boy, in whose heart the fire of patriotism burnt strongly.

The water from the stream, which had been libe-

rated by means of the uplifted flood-gate, had now assumed formidable dimensions and was forming a little river all down the hillside.

"We'd best get out of this," exclaimed Dan, "Good day, boys, we'll meet again soon, I hope."

They took leave of one another, and Dan, who knew every inch of the country, started through the woods on his way home, wishing if possible to get there before Uncle Luke and the miller, so as he could tell his story and make his father laugh at their comical mishaps.

When Dan reached home he found his mother in the drawing-room of their luxuriously-furnished and well-appointed house.

She at once rose and kissed him tenderly, displaying all a mother's affection for her only child.

"Where's father?" he asked.

"Gone out to try a new horse that your Uncle Luke wants him to buy," replied Mrs. Deering.

"But tell me, what have you been doing to your uncle?"

"Has he said anything?" inquired Dan.

"He came in just now dripping wet, and went up-

stairs to his bedroom muttering threats of vengeance against you."

Dan laughed.

"It happened just this way, mother," he began, when his utterance was stopped short by the sound of many footsteps approaching the house and the subdued noise of smothered voices.

Mrs. Deering also heard them.

"Good Heaven!" she exclaimed, "what has happened?"

"You stay here, mother," replied Dan, pushing her gently back in a chair. "I will go and see."

She suffered him to have his way, and with white face and parted lips watched his egress from the apartment.

He closed the door gently behind him.

In the hallway he saw a dozen men bearing in their midst something which was lying inert and motionless on a hurdle.

This thing was the body of a man.

The throng made way for Dan, and he walked up to the hurdle which they deposited on the marble slabs of the hall.

A film came over his eyes, and a dizzy feeling approaching to vertigo took possession of him.

It was the body of his father.

Some accident had happened to him, for he was covered with blood, his eyes were closed, and he breathed with difficulty.

What could it be?

(To Be Continued.)

SCIENCE.

THE REPETITION OF PRESCRIPTIONS.

ENGLAND is one of the only countries, if not the only country in the world, in which chemists are allowed to repeat in infinitely prescriptions of old date for poisonous substances. Revised regulations (we are informed by a contemporary) just issued in Saxony order that with respect to medicines for internal administration, pharmacists are now forbidden to repeat without a special order from the original prescriber or any other qualified physician or surgeon, any prescription, ordering, in any dose whatever, any of the substances included in Table B of the German Pharmacopoeia. This table includes arsenic and its preparations, mercurial compounds, phosphorus, strychnine, atropine, conium, veratrine, and to these are also now added digitalin and chloroform (whether for inhalation or internal administration).

The same rule applies to the articles in Table C, if the dose ordered exceed by one-fifth the official maximum dose. Chloral hydrate is not to be repeated when the maximum dose of 40 grains is exceeded; or opium if the dose exceed 6 grains, or extractum scellae if the dose exceed 0.3 grain. Neither are the prescriptions of homoeopathic physicians up to and inclusive of the third division to be repeated.

As to medicines for external use, dispensers are prohibited from repeating prescriptions containing any dose whatever of an article in Table B, before referred to, with the exception of red oxide of mercury, white precipitate, and veratrine; or prescriptions for subcutaneous injection of a solution of a substance in Table B or Table C.

AN OLD INDUSTRY.—From time immemorial pretty and graceful things have been manufactured from the common dust under our feet. Pottery uses the most plastic of all substances, which obeys fully, minutely, the wish or the sense of the potter; it may therefore be stamped with his individual perception

of the useful and beautiful more than any other material man can use. The perfect forms of the Greek potter, the exquisite colours of the Persian, Arabian and Chinese painters, the brilliant lustres of the Moorish and Italian decorators, are here displayed, and are in a sense imperishable. The paintings of Egyptians and Greeks and Romans have perished; their pottery remains. The antiquarian and the historical student have sought here for many things and have found many. The artistic sensibility has also seen much to enjoy.

A DESCENDANT OF THE FAMOUS GLASTONBURY TREE, believed in olden days to have been the staff of Joseph of Arimathea, was in full bloom this Christmas. The original tree was destroyed in the Civil Wars, but numerous grafts of it flourish in the neighbourhood, and a Bristol correspondent of the "Standard" sends a flowering branch from one of these, adding that the tree is as large as a good-sized apple tree, and is evidently of great age.

FULL-GROWN strawberries are flourishing in the open air in a garden near Nantes. No special care has been taken with the plants, but the weather is so mild that they have flowered, and are now forming fruit. At Bordeaux also the beans and artichokes are as far advanced as in late spring. The warmth of the season throughout France has been so singular that the storks have not yet migrated, and the wild ducks and geese have remained in their summer quarters. The storks also have brought to the coast creatures frequenting very different regions.

BETWEEN 17,000 and 20,000 alligator skins are tanned yearly, which are consumed by boot and shoe manufacturers in every portion of the United States, as well as exported to London and Hamburg. The alligators formerly came almost entirely from Louisiana, and New Orleans was the great centre of business. The Florida swamps and morasses are now the harvest fields, and Jacksonville, in that state, the great depot. The alligators often attain a length of 18 to 20 feet, and frequently live to a very old age. The hides are stripped off, and the belly and sides, the only portions fit for use, are packed in barrels, in strong brine, and shipped by the northern tanner, who keeps them under treatment for from six to eight months, when they are ready to be cut up.

ACCLIMATISATION.—Four hundred thousand salmon have arrived in New Zealand by the City of New York steamer from California in splendid condition, and have been distributed in different parts of the colony. A number of trout tamed out last year have been seen; some were five to seven inches in length.

HUMILITY.

HUMILITY is the footstool without which man can hardly get up to the bed of honour. One thing may assuredly persuade us of the excellence of humility—it is ever found to dwell most with men that are most gallant; it is a flower that prospers not in lean and barren soils, but in a ground that is rich in flourishes and is beautiful. Give a man that is humble out of judgment, and I can find him full of all parts. Charles V. was as brave in holding the candle to his departing visitants as when he was trooped about with his victorious officers.

The legislative monarch Moses, that was the first and greatest divine, statesman, historian, philosopher, and poet, who, as a valiant general, led Israel out of Egypt, was renowned with miracles, that could roll up the waves to pass his men and tumble them down again upon his enemies, was a type of Christ, a yed friend of Him, and beloved both of Him and men. Yet was he meek above all that were upon the face of the earth; and lest our proud dust should think it a disparagement to be humble, we are commanded by our Saviour to learn of Him, who tells us the benefit it will be—rest to our souls.

We are sent to the pismire for industry, to the lion for valour, to the dove for innocence, to the serpent for wisdom, but for humility unto Him, as an attribute more peculiar to His excellence; and certainly, if we shall but contemplate Him, we shall find Him able for all either that we can or cannot conceive; yet but his upholding sublimity and providence, according to His mere will. He orders, guides, and governs all. No man ever lost esteem with wise men by stooping to an honest lowliness when there was occasion.

I have known a great Duke to fetch in wood to his inferior's fire, and a General of nations descending to a footman's office, in lifting up the boot of a coach, yet never thought it an eclipse to either of their dignities. The text does a give it to the publican's dejectedness rather than to the pharisee's boasting. That ship wants ballast that floats upon the

top of the waters, and he may well be suspected to be defective within that would pull on respect to himself by his undue assuming it.

What is that man worse that lets his inferiors go before him? The folly is with him that takes it when not due, but the prudence rests with him that sereneness of his own worth does not value it. In shows of state the meanest marches first. The sun chides not the morning star, though it presume to usher daylight before him. My place is only where I am present, but that wherein I am not, is not mine. While the proud man bustles in the storm, and begets himself enemies, the humbler peaceably passes in the shade unenvied. The full sail oversets the vessel, which drawn in may make the voyage prosperous. Humility prevents disturbance; it rocks debate asleep, and keeps men in continued peace.

Men rest not while they ride in state, or hurry it in a furious charge, but when they humble themselves to the earth, or a couch, refreshing sleep does then becalm their toils and cares. When the two goats on a narrow bridge met over a deep stream, was not he the wiser that lay down for the other to pass over him, than he that would hazard both their lives by contending? He preserved himself from danger, and made the other become debtor to him for his safety. He is charitable that out of Christian ends can be content to part with his due—but he that would take it from me wrongs not me, so much as he does himself.

THE FORREST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S REPENTANCE.

CHAPTER III.

THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

THE long hall, or rather ball-room, of the old Eagle tavern was crowded to its utmost capacity that July night, for the entertainment had been talked of for a long time, and as the proceeds were to help to buy a fire-engine, which was greatly needed, the whole town was interested, and the whole town was there.

First on the programme came tableaux and charades, interspersed with music from the glee club, and music from the Elliott band, and then there was a great hush of expectation and eager anticipation, for the gem of the performance, the star of the evening, was reserved for the last.

Behind the scenes, in the little ante-rooms where the dressing, and powdering, and masking, and jesting were all going on promiscuously, Josephine Fleming was in a state of great excitement, but hers was a face and complexion which never looked red or tired.

She was, perhaps, a shade paler than her wont, and her eyes were brighter and bluer as she stood before the little two-foot glass, giving the last touches to her bridal toilet. She had been before the audience once in the play as the sweet rustic young girl in gingham dress and white apron, mending her father's and brother's socks, and caroling a simple song.

She had been loudly cheered then, for her acting was perfect, and in her heart she had said: "What will they think of me when they see me in my bridal robes?"

Ay, what, indeed, for never was real bride more transcendently lovely than Josephine Fleming when she stood at last ready and waiting to be called in her fleecy tarleton, with her long veil sweeping back from her face, and showing like a silver net upon her golden hair.

And Everard, in his dark, boyish beauty, looked worthy of the bride, as he bent over her, and whispered something in her ear which had reference to a future day when this they were doing in jest should be done in sober earnest. For just a moment they were alone.

Dr. Matthewson had managed to clear the little room, and now he came to them and said:

"I feel I shall be doing wrong to let this go any further without telling you that I have a right to make the marriage lawful, if you say so. A few years ago I was a clergyman in good and regular standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Clarence, in the western part of England. I am not in regular and good standing now; the world, the flesh, and the Evil One, especially the latter, got the upper hand of me, but I still have the power to marry

you fast and strong. Suppose for the fun of it we make this marriage real? What do you say?"

He was looking at Everard, but he spoke to Josephine, feeling intuitively that hers would be the more ready assent of the two.

She was standing with her arms linked in Everard's, her round bare arm, which shone so bright and fair against the black of his coat, and at Dr. Matthewson's words she lifted her blue eyes coyly to her lover's face, and said:

"Wouldn't that be capital, and shouldn't we steal a march on everybody?"

She waited for him to speak, but his answer did not come at once.

It is true he had said something of this very nature only the night before, but now when it came to him as something tangible, something which might be if he chose, he started as if he had been stung, and the colour faded from his lips, which quivered as he said, at last, with an effort to smile:

"I'd like it vastly, only you see I am not yet through college, and I should be expelled at once. Then father never would forgive me. He'd disinherit me, sure."

"Hardly so bad as that, I think," spoke the purring, soothing voice of the doctor, while one of Josephine's hands found its way to Everard's, which it pressed softly, while Josephine herself said:

"We can keep it a secret, you know, till you are through college, and it would be such fun."

Half an hour before Everard had gone with the doctor to the bar and taken a glass of wine, which perhaps was beginning to work on his brain and cloud his better judgment, while Josephine was still looking at him with those great, dreamy, pleading eyes, which always affected him so strangely. She was very beautiful, and he loved her, or thought he loved her, with all the strength of his boyish, passionate nature.

So it is not strange that the thought of possessing her years sooner than he had dared to hope, made his young blood stir with ecstasy even though he knew it was wrong.

He was like the bird in the toiler's snare, and he stood irresolute trying to stammer out he hardly knew what, except that it had some reference to his father, and mother, and Rossie, for he even thought of her in that hour of his temptation, and wondered how he could face her with that secret on his soul.

"They are growing impatient. Don't you hear them stamping? What are you waiting for?" came from the manager of the play, as he put his head into the room, while a prolonged and deafening call greeted their ears from the expectant audience.

"Yes, let's go," Josephine said, a little spitefully, "and pray forget that I almost asked you to marry me and you refused. I should not have done it only it was Leap Year, you know, and I have a right; but it was all in joke, of course; I didn't mean it. Don't think I did, Everard."

Oh, how soft and melting were the eyes swimming in tears and lifted so deprecatingly to Everard's face.

It was more than mortal man could do to withstand that glance, and Everard went down before it body and soul.

His father's bitter anger so sure to follow; his mother's grief and disappointment in her son; and Rossie's childish surprise were all forgotten, or if remembered weighed as nought compared with this beautiful creature of tarleton and lace with the golden hair and eyes of blue looking so tenderly at him.

"I'll do it, by George," he said, and the hot blood came surging back to his face. "It will be the richest scrape I ever got into, and the best kind of lark. Tie as tight as you please. I'm more than willing."

He was very much excited, and Josephine was trembling like a leaf. Only Dr. Matthewson was calm as he asked:

"Do you really mean it, and will you stand to it?"

"Are you ever coming?" came angrily this time from the manager, who was losing all patience.

"Yes, I mean it, and will stand to it," Everard said and so went rashly on to his fate.

There was a cheer and a deep hush when the curtain was withdrawn, disclosing the bridal party upon the stage, fitted up to represent a modern drawing-room; groups of gaily dressed people standing together, and in their midst, conspicuous above all, Everard and Josephine, she radiantly beautiful, with a look of exultation on her face, but a tumult of conflicting emotions in her heart as she wondered if Dr. Matthewson had told the truth and was authorised to marry her really, or if Everard would stand to it or repudiate the act; he, with a face white now as

ashes, and a voice which was husky in its tones stood there;

"Do you take this woman for your wedded wife? Do you promise to love her, and cherish her both in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her?"

He answered:

"I do."

A chill like the touch of death ran through every nerve and made him icy cold.

It was not the lark he thought it was going to be; it was like some dreadful nightmare, and he could not at all realise what he was doing or saying. Even Josephine's voice, when she too said "I will," sounded very far away, as did Matthewson's concluding words:

"According to the authority vested in me I pronounce you man and wife. What God has joined together let no man put asunder."

How real it seemed to the breathless audience, so real that Agnes Fleming, sitting far back in the hall, in her faded muslin and old-fashioned bonnet, involuntarily rose to her feet and raised her hand with a deprecating gesture as if to forbid the bans. But her mother pulled her down to her seat, and in a low whisper bade her keep quiet.

"But it seems like a real thing," Aggie said.

The mother replied:

"What nonsense. I reckon they know what they are about."

And so the play went on, and the mock marriage, planned by a vindictive woman for the sake of humiliating a poor obscure girl whom she feared as a rival, proved to be genuine, and the last act closed with the chagrin and mortification of the plotter, the exultation of the bridegroom, and the perfect happiness of the beautiful, blushing bride.

It was over at last; the crowd dispersed, and the tired actors, sleepy and cross, gathered up the paraphernalia scattered everywhere, and went to their several homes.

Everard and Josephine were the last to leave, but she had so much to say, and so much to see to, that it was after twelve, and the summer moon was high in the heavens ere she was ready, and they started at last for home, accompanied by the young man with whom Everard was staying in Elliottville, and who had come down to the play.

He was full of fun, and rallied Josephine upon being a bride, and asked Everard if it wouldn't be a capital joke if it should prove to be a genuine marriage.

"Yes," Everard answered, "it would," but his voice was so constrained and unnatural that Josephine glanced up inquiringly at him, and felt a twinge of pain when she saw, even in the moonlight, how pale he was.

It had been arranged that young Stafford, the friend from Elliottville, should pass the night at Mrs. Fleming's, and when the party reached the cottage they found a supper prepared for them of which hot coffee and sherry formed a part, and under the combined effects of the two Everard's spirits began to rise, and when at last he said good-night to Josephine and went with his friend to his room, he was much like himself, and felt that it would not be a very bad state of affairs after all if it should prove that Josephine was really his wife.

It would only be expediting matters a little, and the secret would be so romantic and unusual. Still he was conscious of a vague feeling of unrest and disinclination to talk, and declared his intention of plunging into bed at once.

"Perhaps you'd better read this first," Stafford said, handing him a telegram. "It came this morning and I brought it with me, but thought better not to give it to you till after the play, for fear it might contain bad news which would disturb your acting."

Now young Stafford knew perfectly well the nature of the telegram, for he had been in the office when it came, but he decided not to deliver it until the play was over.

It was from Everard's father and read as follows:

"To J. EVERARD FORREST, JR.—Your mother is very sick. Come immediately. J. E. FORREST."

"Oh, Stafford," and Everard's voice was like the cry of a wounded child, why didn't you give me this before? There was a train left at five o'clock. I could have taken it, and saved —"

He did not finish the sentence, for he could not put into words the great horror of impending evil which had fallen upon him with the receipt of that telegram. Indeed, he could not define to himself the nature of his feelings.

He only wished he had gone home in answer to Rossie's summons, instead of coming there to Holburton, where he had possibly been trapped into he hardly dared think what. And in this he meant no disloyalty to Josephine, nor attributed any blame to

her; and when next morning, after a troubled night in which no sleep visited his weary eyes, he met her at the breakfast-table looking as bright, and fresh, and pretty as if she too, had not kept a sleepless vigil, wondering how it would all end, he experienced a delicious feeling of ownership in her, and for a few moments felt willing to defy the whole world, if by so doing he could claim her as his then and there.

He told her of the telegram, and said he must take the first train west which left in about two hours, and Josephine's eyes instantly filled with tears which shone like so many pearls, as she said:

"I am so sorry for you, and I hope your mother will recover. I have always wanted to see her so much. Would you mind telling her of me, and giving my love to her?"

This was after breakfast, when they stood together under the vine-wreathed porch, each with a thought of last night's ceremony in their minds, and each loth to speak of it first. Stafford had gone to the hotel to settle his bill of the previous day and make some inquiries about the connection of the trains, and thus the family were alone when Dr. Matthewson appeared, wearing his blandest smile, and addressing Josephine as Mrs. Forrest, and asking her how she found herself after the play.

At the sound of that name given to Josephine as if she had a right to it, a scarlet flame spread over Everard's face and he felt the old horror and dread of the night creeping over him again. Now was the time to know the worst and the best—which ever way he chose to put it—and as calmly as possible under the circumstances, he turned to Dr. Matthewson and asked:

"Were you in earnest in what you said last night? Had you a right to marry us, and is Josephine my wife?"

It was the first time he had put it into words, and as if the very name of wife made her dearer to him, he put his arm around her and waited the doctor's answer, which came promptly and decidedly.

"Most assuredly she is your lawful wife! You took her with your full consent, knowing I could marry you, and I have brought your certificate, which I suppose the lady will hold."

He handed a neatly-folded paper to Josephine, who, with Everard looking over her shoulder, read to the effect that on the evening of July 17th in the Village Hall at Holburton, the Rev. John Matthewson married J. Everard Forrest, Jr., of Rothay, to Miss Josephine Fleming of Holburton.

"It is all right, I believe, and only needs the names of your mother and sister as witnesses to make it valid, in case the marriage is ever contested," Matthewson said, and this time he looked pitilessly at Everard, who was staring blankly at the paper in Josephine's hands, and if it had been his death warrant he had been reading, he could scarcely have been paler.

Something in his manner must have communicated itself to Josephine, for in real or feigned distress, she burst into tears, and laying her head on his arm sobbed out:

"Oh, Everard, you are not sorry I am your wife! If you are, I shall wish I was dead."

The sight of her tears roused him, and winding his arms around her, he said:

"No, no, Josey, not sorry you are my wife. I could not be that; only I was so young, only twenty, and have two more years in college, and if this thing were known, I should be expelled, and father would never forgive me, or let me have a crown again, so you see it is a deuced scrape after all."

He was as near crying as he well could be and not actually give way, and Matthewson was regarding him with a cool, exultant expression in his cruel eyes, when Mrs. Fleming appeared, asking what it meant and what it was about a marriage, and a certificate, and all that.

Very briefly Dr. Matthewson explained the matter to her, and laying his hand on Everard's arm, said laughingly:

"I have the honour of presenting to you your son, Mr. Forrest, who, I believe, acknowledges your claim upon him."

There was a gleam of triumph in Mrs. Fleming's eyes, but she affected to be astonished and indignant that her daughter should have lent herself to an act which Mr. Forrest was perhaps already sorry for.

"You are mistaken," Everard said, and his young manhood asserted itself in Josephine's defence. "Your daughter was not more to blame than myself. We both knew what we were doing, and I am not sorry, except for the trouble in which it would involve me if it were known at once that I was married."

"It need not be known, except to ourselves," Mrs. Fleming answered, volubly. "What is done cannot be undone, but we can make the best of it, and I promise that the secret shall be kept as long

as you like. Josey will remain with me as she is, and you will return to college and graduate as if last night had never been. Then, when you are in a position to claim your wife you can do so and acknowledge it to your father."

She settled it rapidly and easily, and Everard felt his spirits rise thus to have some one think and decide for him. It was not distasteful to know that Josey was his, and he smoothed caressingly the bowed head, still resting on his arm, where Josey had laid it.

It would be just like living a romance all the time, and the interviews they might occasionally have would be all the sweeter because of the secrecy. After all it was a pretty nice lark, and he felt a great deal better, and watched Mrs. Fleming and Agnes as they signed their names to the certificate, and noticed how the latter trembled and how pale she was as, with what seemed to him a look of pity at him, she left the room and went silently back to her dish-washing in the kitchen.

Everard had spent some weeks in Mrs. Fleming's family as a boarder, and had visited there occasionally, but he had never noticed or thought particularly of Agnes, except indeed as the household drudge who was always busy from morning till night, washing, ironing, baking, dusting, with her sleeves rolled up, and her broad check apron tied around her waist.

She had a limp in her left foot, and a weakness in her left arm, which gave her a helpless, peculiar appearance; and the impression he had of her, if any, was that she was unfortunate in mind as well as body, fit only to minister to others as she always seemed to be doing.

She had never addressed a word to him without being first spoken to, and he was greatly surprised when after Dr. Matthewson was gone, and Mrs. Fleming and Josephine had for a moment left him alone in the room, she came to him, and putting her hand on his, said in a whisper:

"Did you really mean it, or was it an accident? a joke? and do you want to get out of it? Because, if you do, now is the time. Say you didn't mean it. Say you won't stand it, and there surely will be some way out. I can help—weak as I am. It is a pity, and you so young."

She was looking fixedly at him, and he saw that her eyes were soft, and dark, and sad; oh, so sad in their expression, as if for them there was no brightness of sunshine in all the wide world—nothing but the never-ending dish-washing in the kitchen, or serving in the parlour. But there was another expression in those sad eyes, a look of truth and honesty which made him feel intuitively that she was a person to be trusted even to the death, and had he felt any misgivings then, he would have told her so unhesitatingly; but he had none, and he answered her:

"I do not wish to get out of it, Agnes, I am satisfied; only it must be a secret for a long, long time. Remember that, and your promise not to tell?"

"Yes, I'll remember, and may the Holy Mother help you," she answered, as she turned away, leaving him to wonder at her manner and form of expression until he remembered having heard that the first Mrs. Fleming was Irish-born and a Romanist, and that Agnes had espoused the faith of her mother.

This accounted for the appeal to the Virgin in his behalf, but why that appeal should be deemed necessary puzzled and troubled him a little. It must have reference to the difficulties in which the secret might involve him, as it surely had nothing to do with Josephine, who came to him just before he left her for the train and said so charmingly and tearfully:

"I am so mortified and ashamed when I remember how eagerly I seemed to respond to Dr. Matthewson's proposition that we be married in earnest. You must have thought me so forward and bold; but, believe me, I did not mean it, or consider what I was saying; so when you are gone don't think of me as a brazen-faced creature who asked you to marry her, will you?"

What answer could he give her except to assure her that he esteemed her as everything lovely and good, and he believed that he did when at last he said good-bye, and left her kissing her hand to him as she stood in the doorway, under the spreading hop-vine, the summer sunshine falling in flecks upon her golden hair, and her blue eyes full of tears.

So he saw her last, and this was the picture he took with him as he sped away to the westward toward his home and which helped to stifle his judgment and reason whenever they attempted a protest against what he had done, but it could not quite smother the fear and dread at his heart when he reflected what the consequences of this rash marriage would be should his father find it out.

(To be Continued.)

DOMESTIC OGRES.

THERE are plenty of well-dressed brutes and quiet monsters, plenty of tyrants who are well educated and well-bred, who are so careful of their good name that they retain for their exclusive fields of exercise their own firesides. The being of the quiet type is, of course, a married man. The objects of his tyranny are his wife, his children, and his servants. His weapons of offence are sneers and abuse. They are always at hand; and convenient it is that they are, for they are in continual request.

He commences to indulge his fancy usually as soon as he is awake. To judge by himself, one would think that no member of his household had a right to live but by his sufferance. He is the misery of his wife, the terror of his children, the bete noire of his servants, the ogre of the domestic hearth. At his detested presence brightness takes to its wings. He is a wet blanket upon all conversation, a skeleton in the midst of every game. Everything that transpires in the house is arranged with reference to his temper or his whereabouts.

All is done, to the end that it may please, or rather appease him—for pleasure is generally the last thing which would be willingly accorded to him by anyone around him. Indeed, abhorrence of him is so intense that it must often be a source of vexation to those who have the ordering of things that they cannot usually avoid his wrath without consulting his comfort too. He is to all outward appearances a suave and polite gentleman, and a genial host.

No one would imagine, who saw the perfect cordiality of his hospitality, that when he turns aside for a moment to speak to his wife, it is to hurl some brutal speech or cutting sarcasm at her, which shall make her wretched for the rest of the evening. To all beyond his own household he is affable and kind. Even to the dumb animals about him he extends his good manners.

It is a common habit of his after a more than unusually hot attack upon his wife, to light a cigar and stroll round to the stables, where he will stroke and caress the horses or the dogs with as much tenderness as ever his wife could covet. Returning, he will whistle gaily up to the very door of the house; but, once inside, the man is changed into the ogre again.

It is not always blameworthy, or at least unpardonable, for a master of a house to be habitually ill-tempered at home. There are many causes which can easily, and do frequently and permanently spoil the temper of a man. An ill-assorted marriage, a wife who is continually absent from home, or a blue-stocking, or ruinously extravagant, an overwhelmingly large family, a rabid mother-in-law, or a troop of omnipresent relatives, a badly-managed house, an ill-conducted table, a succession of villanous cooks.

Any of these untoward things will sometimes make a man hate the very sight of his house, and all that to it pertains, will reduce his domestic temper to the level of the veriest cur about the place. But the reason exists and can be seen. His demeanour is intelligible, if not altogether to be forgiven. His nature is more wronged than guilty.

His own conscience is to a certain extent clear, which alone often softens his asperities, and always prevents those exhibitions of violence which are indulged in by the guilty coward. At the same time the inward consciousness of fault in some at least of those around him goes far to gain for him their tolerance and their excuse; perhaps even at times their pity. Sympathy, at all events, he may always be sure of from outsiders. To those beyond the domestic circle he appears in his true light, even when his ruined temper is unruined before them.

The other kind of being is altogether different. He may be in good circumstances; his marriage may have turned out in all respects a favourable one; his wife may be good, true, considerate; his family may be not too large for his income; his cook may be a treasure; his wife's relations may be discreet; his mother-in-law may be dead.

But the creature himself appreciates none of these felicities, any one of which would be the seventh heaven to many a man. The very property which keeps him in affluence may have been acquired by his marriage with her whose existence he now renders so miserable. His wife may have perhaps only one fault—her never-failing submission to him.

With a husband less a tyrant, more a man, she would perhaps have been an ornament to society, a credit to her household. With him, both are impossible. No woman can carry her head erect in the presence of so great a tyrant. No lady can sustain her proper position before either children or servants who is bound to such a person.

Every sentence addressed to his wife by him, in the presence of a menial, provides a text for gossip in the servants' hall, every member of which dreads and despises his master with the fullest cordiality.

FASHIONABLE DOLLS.

It is an amusing proceeding to purchase a doll and to note how her ladyship's wants are well supplied. First she must be dressed, and you are called upon to select what style of under-garments you would prefer, whether embroidered, trimmed with lace, or plain, and the tiny articles are produced, folded and tied up with blue ribbons in packages of half-a-dozen each, exactly as they are in the real-life lingerie. The dresses are charming, all silk or velvet, sometimes trimmed with real lace, and fashioned as stylishly as Worth himself could do.

There are workmen expressly trained for the trade of dolls' dress-maker, as it requires a special talent to reduce the fashions of the day into such miniature shapes. Then mademoiselle must have her poodle and her prayer-book, her writing case with letter and note paper, stamped with her monogram, her work-box and her jewel-case, her set of furs in muff box, with some dozen of "practicable" gloves, etc., etc. For be it known that she is an accomplished lady, whose gloves can be changed at will, and whose finely-jointed fingers are quite capable of holding an eye-glass or a handkerchief, an opera glass or an open letter.

She has her library of small volumes just proportioned to her size; she has brushes of real ivory and combs of real tortoise shell; she has tea-services of solid silver and shawls of veritable India-cashmere, and under the empire she was occasionally known to wear diamonds, and to indulge in tea-sets of solid gold. She has dresses, even now, trimmed with real Valenciennes, and she costs a good deal more than any toy ought to.

LENA GREY.

In the small attic chamber of an old-fashioned house in the heart of the great metropolis, upon a humble bed, lay the emaciated form of a once young and beautiful girl, who, a few months before, was full of life and hope. Now she lay dying of some hidden malady which had culminated in consumption. Traces of deep sorrow were plainly visible upon her once bright and happy face.

Lena Grey was bereft of both parents in tender childhood. She was placed in an orphan asylum, where she remained until old enough to earn elsewhere her own living. She was then taken into a family of high standing, and treated in all respects as one of its members. Being of an independent disposition, however, she soon tired of restraint and a life of dependence, and avowed her determination to go to London and seek employment in the Mint. Success crowned her efforts, and after a while she found work.

The little adventuress became an adept in the art of counting the coin of the realm, and her youth and beauty made her the pet of the department where she was employed.

Years sped by with this pretty maiden as one long summer's dream. Light-hearted and joyous, she went to and from her work, sustained by the goodwill and cheered by the encouragement of all who knew her. She was advised by friends to place a part of her earnings in the bank, to provide for the contingencies incidental to employment. On this advice she acted.

Prudence and caution soon began to develop themselves in her character, and safe investments were made, which would have reflected credit on a strong-minded man.

Miserly now in the extreme, money with her was paramount to all other considerations, and in the end her idol. From a merry, light-hearted girl, she became morose and suspicious. Schemes for increasing her hoards filled her mind. She denied herself the comforts of life, and instead of occupying pleasant rooms in a healthy locality, chose a humble attic room, devoid of every comfort.

She had but few friends now, as she had coldly repelled the advances of those who had loved and pitied her for her youth and orphanage.

Efforts were made to penetrate her heart by delicate acts of kindness, but in vain, as she was impervious to the rays of friendship, and wrapped herself up in the gloomy reserve peculiar to her changed

nature. In spite of her selfishness, however, there was one vulnerable spot in her heart.

Like all of her race, she was vain, and fond of the admiration and attention of the sterner sex. But, as is too often the case, she loved unwisely. She was entrapped by a villain, who bound her to his basest. Other suitors came and paid their homage, but all were rejected in their turn, and her beau ideal remained master of her affections.

Friends ventured to remonstrate with her upon her course, and warned her that she was treading on dangerous ground, but she heeded not the warning and rushed on to ruin.

At last the culminating point was reached. Lena suddenly awoke to the realization that he whom she had trusted was unworthy of confidence, and that she had become unwittingly the victim of the betrayer. The roses faded from her cheeks, and the hollow eyes betokened the ravages of the secret grief which was hastening her to an untimely grave. The elastic step was superseded by the gait of an invalid, and the hope which once filled her spirit gave place to cold, leaden, black despair.

She still mingled somewhat in society, notwithstanding her altered condition, and among her suitors was a young man of sterling worth. He loved her ardently, and persisted in his efforts to win her heart.

Unceasing devotion on his part seemed to command her respect, and finally she was induced to promise him her hand at some indefinite period. An engagement ring was placed on her finger, and she did not deny her betrothal.

In answer to the inquiries of friends, "Lena, why don't you marry Fred Clifton? He is worthy of your love in all respects, and loves you dearly," her sharp, cutting reply would be:

"For the best reason in the world. I don't love him and never can. He is not rich enough, either, and, above all, I love another."

"Then, Lena, give Fred up at once, and don't trifle with the affection of a true-hearted man. Break your engagement by telling him that you love another, and that you cannot bestow the hand without the heart; return his gifts of love, and let him see that you are an honourable girl. When this is done, then you will be free to marry the man of your choice."

"I can't get the one I love, and never can; ask me no more questions; I can attend to my own business. I like Fred as a brother; he is kind and patient, and bears with my fancies; and again, it is nice to have him as an escort when I go out."

"Shame on you, Lena! It is cruel to act as you say. Honour should predominate in this case over selfish considerations. You will find out, when too late, the full extent of your folly."

Continued warnings availed nothing, however. Things went on in this way for nearly a year, and friends had ceased their words of caution. Lena's health began to fail rapidly, and a gloomy pall seemed to have enveloped her in its sombre folds.

She was advised to suspend her duties and take a respite in order to recuperate her wasted energies and failing health, but her reply would invariably be, "I can't afford it. Her eyes would fill with tears, and the deep-drawn sigh revealed the struggle going on in her heart."

Suddenly she obtained leave of absence, left her home, and wandered away in search of health. Months elapsed without any tidings from her, and conjectures were rife as to what had become of her. As suddenly did she return, but oh! how changed in those few months of absence!

She was a complete wreck, and the pale, sunken cheeks and hollow eyes clearly revealed her sufferings. She made an attempt to resume her official duties, but, after a few brief weeks, she succumbed to consumption produced by a broken heart, and the poor victim of selfish greed and man's perfidy now sleeps peacefully in the quiet grave.

Her end was a sad one. It should serve as a warning to young and inexperienced girls who leave their happy homes innocent of the snares that are laid to entrap them by unprincipled men.

But to return to our story; this poor girl, in the midst of her great affliction, which should have humbled her, still clung to her miserly instincts, and refused to leave her comfortable room upon the plea that she could not afford to pay for better accommodations, at the same time she knew for a certainty that her poor young life was fast ebbing away, and that she had £100 at her command. All remonstrance was in vain, and there she lingered and died.

This strange being was a marvel to all who knew her. She retained her senses to the last, and gave minute instructions regarding her funeral. An elegant casket of virgin whiteness was ordered, and her burial

robe was selected with the utmost coquetry and precision.

Flowers and other minor details were ordered to make her funeral an elaborate one. Her will was made in favour of a stranger who cared little for her in life.

She refused admittance to her chamber to all but one or two intimate friends, who clung to her in spite of her altered nature. Conscious to the last minute, she battled inch by inch with the grim monster, until life's flickering lamp was extinguished, and her spirit returned to Him who gave it. Tears rained upon her coffin from the eyes of sympathetic strangers.

Friends who knew her when she was bright and joyous, and mourned over her sad end, were present to pay the last tribute of respect to one who was once the pet in their circle of society.

The main facts in this plain but true story, are familiar to many in the capital of our nation. How many such cases occur which are screened from the knowledge of the world! Yet they do exist, and will continue to multiply until the people are thoroughly aroused to the appalling fact.

Hundreds of innocent girls are set adrift upon the world, and sent away from their homes to seek employment. Fathers and mothers of daughters, pause before sending your innocent children from you to seek a living in an atmosphere so fraught with danger as that which lurks in all large cities.

Better keep your daughters at home in poverty, where they can retain their virgin purity, than to allow their exposure to the contaminating influence which is sure to assail them. Keep them at home, away from the contaminating influence which has been the ruin of so many. Keep them at home attending to household duties, which will fit them to be wives and mothers. View with an impartial eye the dangers reflected in this sad but truthful story, and may the lesson prove to be a salutary one! B.B.

A WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

It is a wondrous advantage to man in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensible regard for your character, honour, and repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing.

A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. But, supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap, even in its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, are such friendships where disparity of years or circumstances puts the idea of love out of the question. Middle age has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendship with those much older, and those much younger than ourselves. Female friendship is to man the bulwark, sweetness, ornament of his existence.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

DEAN SWIFT assigned as the reason why so few marriages were happy, that young ladies spent their time in early life in the formation of beautiful nets to catch husbands, instead of constructing cages to keep them in after they were caught. Without supposing for a moment that there are but few happy marriages in England, whatever may have been the case elsewhere at the time that the witty Dean flourished, we publish his remark for the benefit of any who may be in danger of falling into the fatal error. It may be found after a while, that those fashionable accomplishments which are acquired at an expense of so much time and money, are not so valuable as prudence, temperance, industry, self-denial, and other qualities that are most valuable in wives and mothers.

WOMEN have often successfully hidden valuables in their hair, and a young French lady lately found a banknote for a thousand francs in her deceased mother's chignon.

THE PIN TRADE.

THERE are in England (according to a contemporary) as nearly as can be ascertained, 580 pin-machines, for producing pins either complete or by two processes—pointing and heading. Each of these machines will make on an average 320 per minute, giving 7,666,000 in an hour, or 58,994,000 in one day of nine hours (less intervals), or 358,424,000 in a week of 54 hours, if all are going.

These pins would weigh, of average size, 34 tons in the production of the whole of England in 54 hours, or 1,836 tons per annum. This calculation is based on what 20 machines have actually produced in 54 hours, nearly 3,064 lbs. Out of this quantity, there are about 5 tons each week made from iron wire, which is coated with tin—an American invention, which produces an inferior and relatively dear article, as compared with the great bulk of the pins manufactured from brass, although the metal of the one costs 9d. per pound, and the other 3d. per pound.

A good pin-machine for carding them on paper will card about 1,000 pins per minute; 1 oz. of best granulated block tin will cost 56 lbs. of tin as bright as silver. The cost of working one pin-machine in finishing the pins from beginning to end is rather over 23s. per machine in a large and well-conducted manufactory. To produce one sheet of 300 pins, the machinery costs 470; if 500 on a sheet, about 410 extra.

To produce 1 ton of loose pins per week £1,100 worth of machinery is required; if the pins are mounted on cards or sheets, the cost averages about £1,400.

About 3 tons of pins are required always for stock, worth on an average, £130 a ton. To buy pins cheap they must be bought loose, for if bought on cards or paper the extra work and material has to be paid for. Pins on sheets are always much thinner than when loose, as they have to be made thin and long to make them look larger, and also to meet the keenness of competition. If made loose, they are usually thicker and shorter, and are, therefore, made quicker, cost less to produce, and are better for use, not being so likely to bend or break.

Birmingham makes quite 24 tons each week, London about 1 ton, Stroud and Bristol about 6 tons, and Warrington something like 1 ton. France and Prussia are now large manufacturers, as also America, Canada has also its pin-manufacturers. These foreign and colonial makers are successfully competing with us, having purchased our machines and engaged our workmen, so that our home trade has little chance against them.

We have also the American and French tariffs to block our way in foreign markets.

It will, therefore, require all the watchfulness and energy of our commercial representatives to open up for us new and large markets, such as India, China, Australia, New Zealand, and, we hope, Africa, to keep our pin-manufacturers in full operation, or with their great productive power some of these must soon be brought to a standstill.

ELLINOR HOWE'S LAST LOVE.

THE old Howe place was being put in habitable condition again.

The figurative bats and owls, and the actual dust of seven empty years, had been cleared away. Preparations were going on as if for immediate occupation.

Furniture had come, carpets were being put down, curtains hung, crockery unpacked.

Mrs. Dawes could have told you all about it. She told her next door neighbour.

"I went over the Howe house yesterday. Not much repairs, after all. All the old woodwork left in, and the windows with those little bits of lights. There's a bow-window put into the old keeping-room—there's on the south side, you know. Every house has to have a bow-window now-a-days, if it isn't bigger than a house. There's a veranda on the south side, built out to the ell, and the windows cut down to the floor. Everything else as it was, pretty much. The furniture has come, too. Nothing new; Mrs. Mackenzie's old things, I suppose. You know who is coming in, don't you?"

Mrs. Smith had been away taking care of a sick daughter, and did not know.

Mrs. Dawes had the delight of an unlightened listener.

Everybody else in town knew all there was to know.

"Why Ellinor Howe, herself. It will be con-

siderable of a come-down for her, I expect. Suppose she was disappointed that the old lady wasn't richer. They have been going about for two or three years as if there wasn't any end to the money. Guess she'll see the difference now."

That was the way they talked in Brookthorpe about Ellinor Howe's return. It seemed rather a wide ripple for one slight woman to make in so large a place. But everybody—at least all the older dwellers there—had known her ever since she was a child up to the time, seven years ago, when she went away, after her mother's funeral.

They knew all about her trouble-burdened girlhood; the improvident, dissipated father dying at last in the horrors of delirium tremens; the poverty-stricken home where the worn-out wife, with shattered health, lingered a few quiet years longer.

Ellinor had been everything to her mother through that time. At first she had worked in the shops. The house belonged to them—the great sturdy-timbered, solid old structure—at least it was reserved to them as a living-place while the mother lasted; but they must have clothing to wear and food to drink. So Ellinor wrought her ten hours daily in one of the many mills which had supplemented the vegetable growth of the old farming town. By-and-by, when that was no longer possible, she was nurse and housemaid both, besides doing "finishing" through the evenings.

Then, a month before the curtain fell on that part of her life, Mrs. Mackenzie, a half sister to her father, appeared. They had never heard of her; did not know that such a being existed till she came one evening and told them who she was.

She looked at Ellinor long and deliberately. Ellinor was eighteen, a long, straight shadow, attenuated with watching and overwork, with great troubled eyes, a brown skin, and cloudy masses of lustrous hair.

"What a wonderfully pretty girl you might be—what a very ugly one you are!"

Ellinor smiled—the first genuine smile for many a day.

"Now, my dear, sit down and tell me all about everything, from the beginning."

Mrs. Mackenzie compelled confidence. She asked a question now and then, suggestive and comprehensive. Ellinor told her everything.

"I should have come sooner. I am going to stay now. I have a good stout Irish girl waiting; she will come up to-morrow. Now take me in to see your mother."

The bright-eyed, active little old lady was very gentle and soft-voiced in the sick-room. Mrs. Howe yielded to her influence, as her daughter had done.

"My dear, I have come to take care of you. I ought to have come before, but I didn't know anything about you. You must let me help you now. Ellinor and I understand each other perfectly."

So the last few weeks of that troubled life ended peacefully, unvexed by apprehensions for the future of the child she must leave. And when it was all over, Mrs. Mackenzie bought all claims against the place, and gave it to Ellinor, who left it unattended and went away with her aunt. And since that day Brookthorpe had known her no more.

Bob Sprague, however, who was a clerk in a City warehouse, had sent out newspapers with her name among the visitors of foreign offices, and once an account of a court ball, with a paragraph devoted to Miss Ellinor Howe's beauty and dress on that occasion.

To the republican dwellers in the farming town it seemed like a chapter of a fairy tale—only that they never read fairy tales. So that now everybody was interested in her coming—eager to know how and what she would do, and after what manner she would begin her living among them.

"I suppose she's seen kings and queens on their thrones. I wonder if she will remember the big bundles of work she used to carry? She always was a high-stepping girl," Mrs. Dawes said.

She came, finally, after the early spring twilight had fallen and it was almost dark. But somehow everybody all about knew of it, though she drove straight from the station to the house, and saw nobody to speak to on the way.

She sat over her breakfast next morning alone in the old dining-room, where there came a tap at the outer door.

Ellinor rose and opened it herself. Mrs. Forham stood there with a covered dish in her hand.

"So you've got home, Elsie. I had such splendid luck with my muffs this morning, and I know what it is to come to an empty house. Just take them while they're hot, and I'll sit down and say how do you do, while you're eating."

The tears had sprung to Ellinor's eyes even before the kindly voice had spoken a word. So many times she had seen that motherly figure stand just there in just that way.

"You didn't stay all alone last night, did you?"

"No; Kate, the girl who was here before I went away, came yesterday noon, and had everything ready when I got here. Now won't you go and see what alterations I have made?"

"I must run back. I've staid an hour already. After all, you've changed very little, my dear."

"Haven't I?" a little wearily. "Do you suppose Gertie would come over and help me a little with my books and pictures to-day? I should be very glad if she has the time."

So this was Ellinor Howe's first call. It seemed to her like a happy omen.

And then Gertie came—grown into a tall young woman in these seven years; as sensible and cheering and kindly as her mother.

And Ellinor's first day was not at all a dreary or lonely one.

Ellinor settled herself slowly and deliberately. She was glad to have a home again, after all the drifting of those latter years. She was not a rich woman.

She had this house and Mrs. Mackenzie's furniture, which had been packed so many years that it was old-fashioned and comfortable, and a hundred a year. And she said, now that she had settled down for life, that she meant to glide gracefully into the peaceful estate of a contented old maid, and be quietly happy.

That was what she told Mrs. Forham. Mrs. Forham went home and told Joshua, as she had told him most things for thirty years.

"I'm sorry for that girl. She's lost something—or perhaps she has never found it. You know I'm not sentimental, Joshua Forham, but there's a hungry look in her face that makes me feel as if she wanted to be wooed. She's handsome enough, and has a cool way, as if nothing could take her by surprise, but she'll see some lonesome days in that old house, or I miss my guess. She ain't the kind to take life easy."

Notwithstanding which, it seemed as if she was taking life very easy that summer. She gave herself up to the luxury of utter idleness and purposelessness. She said she was tired, and meant to rest. At first she found small space for following her own devices.

Everybody called. First the dwellers in the gingerbread wooden "mansions on the hill," anxious to see who had the reputation of belle and beauty in foreign circles. After then the old neighbours, one by one, who had found her gentle and simple and quiet.

"Not changed a bit—talks and acts just as she did ten years ago."

The others admitted that she "had an air, certainly," and dressed well, but they couldn't see what there was so beautiful about her.

But she was beautiful, notwithstanding. The unflushed olive face, the dark and eyes under their straight-drawn brows and square forehead, the sweet firm mouth and cloudy hair, made a very lovely picture to those who had eyes to see.

Frank Warner had eyes to see that sleepy June Sunday afternoon. He was staying with the Marshes, who had the biggest and handsomest house in the place.

"Brookthorpe can boast one lovely face. A real Madonna head. Sits half way down the south side; had on something black and white."

"That was Ellinor Howe. Not Brookthorpe style wholly. Paris has something to do with that, and the ends of the earth."

He looked inquiringly.

"She has been all about in Europe with an aunt, a Mrs. Mackenzie. Though she is a Brookthorpe girl, too."

"All about Europe, with Mrs. Mackenzie? Why, I've seen her. I met her in Munich. But how she has changed," half to himself.

Miss Marsh struck in:

"Everybody calls on her, now that she has come back. I don't see why. If she had stayed, no one would ever have thought of noticing her."

"Then you don't like her, Miss Lydia?"

"I? Oh, I don't care anything about her any way. Only mamma exasperates me by reciting her perfections," spitefully.

Warner smiled a little as he recognised a connection of ideas. He had praised Miss Howe's beauty, and Miss Lydia made some pretensions in that direction herself.

"I don't think Miss Howe's face perfection, by any means. It is rather striking among these Northern faces. She always seemed to me to belong in the tropics."

"One would think you had known her all her life, instead of five minutes."

"I was speaking of my recollection of her as I saw her three years ago. You saw that I did not recognise her, so you must admit that my memory



[SIREN PROOF.]

is not very accurate, or that she has changed a great deal."

Warner was in town on business with Mrs. Marsh, but he was on social standing also with the family. After what had passed, he could not well ask either of the ladies to put him in the way of meeting Miss Howe.

And fortune did not favour him, so at last he left town without having spoken with her.

Ellinor's memory was better than his. She had seen him on that afternoon, and had known him at once, though their acquaintance had been of the very slightest, and, as he had said, three years ago. She went home to her quiet house. Her household was very simple. The old servant who had been in Mrs. Mackenzie's employ till she died served Ellinor also.

A younger girl did the heavier work of the house, and a man attended to the garden and looked after the stable needs.

So through all the wide shadowy rooms there was no stir of life, and as Ellinor entered, it half seemed as if some dreary enchantment of loneliness met her on the threshold.

She sat down on the low, shady doorstep, and gave herself up to her thoughts. She looked the very picture of peace, sitting there in her soft cool drapery with the early summer colours about her.

Her attitude was perfect grace: the slender wrists crossed lightly on her lap, the beautiful head meditatively bent. She might have served as the model for some sculptor's fancy of maiden dreams.

And in her heart a purgatory of remembered pain seethed, and every nerve quivered responsively.

If Frank Warner had known that it was the sight of him that had unlocked that silent chamber of memory, he might not have felt that fate had been so very unkind in denying him a meeting.

He knew there had been something odd about the relations between her and Tom Frost, who was with

him there, but he had never understood the case. After all, it was a very common case. When Ellinor Howe left Brookthorpe her aunt had introduced her at once to the world in which she herself had always moved.

Ellinor's experience had done much to develop an almost morbid earnestness of thought and feeling.

Tom Frost, coming in one night to a great party, saw her for the first time.

It was after supper; the men's faces were flushed—many of them: the girls looked tired and heated; the pretty ones had the air of Bacchantes, and the plain ones were conspicuously plain.

Now, Tom Frost, as inveterate a loungeur as any, was yet fastidious in tastes and fancies. He stood in the doorway of the ball-room with his critical face on, surveying the scene.

And out of the crowd of somewhat crushed toilets came toward him Ellinor Howe.

The band was playing one of Strauss' most bewitching waltzes—an air that was suggestive of roses and fragrant flames and the first stages of champagne intoxication, and the floor was full of whirling couples.

He gave a little start; it was a ray of moonlight through the glare of the gas; a strain of organ music through the blare of the horns.

He followed her with his eyes to the end of the room. Afterward, when he got to his room, he found he had not the least idea of what she had worn. Usually he could describe a lady's toilet as well as any milliner.

"Who is she?" he asked a friend at his elbow.

"Miss Howe. A new beauty."

"Verily a beauty. What is she?"

"Mrs. Mackenzie's niece. A girl who hasn't an enemy nor a friend, I believe."

"What a description. A nonentity, apparently."

"Not a bit. Make her acquaintance, and see."

"Not to-night. I want to think about her."

And he went home and thought about her, and the next day he saw her. And that was the beginning.

The beginning for Ellinor. For him, he had been through every form and phase of love-making so many times that he could not help being skilful in his advances.

Like that historical glutton who wished himself all throat, Tom Frost might have wished himself all heart, that he might have suffered to the full the delicious agonies of being in love.

And the worst feature of the case was that he always imagined himself in deadly earnest. He would have made, with a little more mechanical ability, a first-rate tragedian.

Well, Ellinor yielded to the dangerous sweetness of the fascination. She had never flirted; she fell in love, as such girls do fall, with that desperate earnestness which is a part of their fate. She was so unversed in such matters that she solemnly believed that since the beginning no two had ever loved as they loved.

That lasted for a year. Tom Frost was poor; he had a certain standing to attain before he could afford a wife.

I do not think Miss Howe thought much of marriage. The present was enough for her, and Mrs. Mackenzie was too wise to interpose her feebleness in the path of the inevitable.

She watched her charge with a heart full of forebodings that made her prepare for the almost certain end. She understood Tom Frost better than he did himself.

The end came. Miss Norton appeared in society. Ellinor's reverse—a golden-haired blonde. Ellinor was not a girl to wilfully shut her eyes to the truth. Perhaps a little more patience would have been wiser, if she had chosen to keep the wavering allegiance. There was a scene, and the next morning Ellinor came down to breakfast looking like a ghost of yesterday.

Mrs. Mackenzie saw and groaned to herself. In the middle of the meal she said, abruptly:

"Let us go abroad for the winter. You have never been, and I should like the change. Would you like it?"

"Yes," Ellinor said, languidly. And so they went.

She had always been quiet—a girl of small speech. For a time it seemed as if she only kept up the semblance of living. She grew thin; she did not sleep; her eyes took the look of one hunted almost to death. She wore the dresses given her to wear. She conformed to the social requirements of the day, going where Mrs. Mackenzie told her to go; obeying in every respect, and with no more heart or life in it all than if she had been really dead. She never spoke a word about the matter. Mrs. Mackenzie only guessed with the acuteness of one who perhaps had suffered in like fashion. And so they went about, crossing the ocean again, and again returning. And it was on that last visit that Frank Warner had met her in Munich.

Tom Frost was with him. They were in a picture-gallery when two ladies met them face to face. Warner saw the colour go out of the younger woman's face as if she had been struck, and looking at his companion, found him in not much better case. They simply bowed and passed, and Warner was not a bit surprised when Frost told him that evening that he had a call to make.

Perhaps this was a different type of woman from what Frost had been accustomed to seeing. She was unmoved by his repentance and protestations. Miss Norton had claimed for herself a part of his privilege of changing her mind, and he had returned to his allegiance. It was too late, and though he pleaded with an eloquence that grew more impressive as he saw his chances of success growing less, she was immovable. And probably of the two she suffered the greater pain, for he went back and married Miss Norton in less than six months.

That was all Warner had known of her. He had never seen her after they left Munich; he had exchanged a half-dozen sentences with her there, and Frost had never spoken of her. Warner could only surmise the trouble between them, and his surmises were wide of the truth. And until he had seen her in Brookthorpe church he had never heard of her again.

But Miss Howe remembered him with the unconscious impression which we get of surroundings when we are suffering great mental pain. His face had unlocked all that past which she had so jealously shut away. She sat there under the shadow of the elms and maples that lovely afternoon, and went all over it again.

Miss Marsh called a few days later. Miss Howe was incapable of the subtleties of many women. She said, directly and quietly:

"I saw a gentleman with you at church, whom I thought I recognised, it was Mr. Warner, was it not?"

"Yes, He spoke of you. He said he met you abroad, but you had changed so that he did not know you at all at first. It was a long time ago, was it not?"

"Yes; I have changed, as he said," smiling undisturbed. "Has he gone away?"

"He went yesterday."

"It gives me the feeling that the world is such a little place to meet people in such ways. I should like to see him again."

Miss Marsh passed judgment outside the door:

"That Ellinor Howe has been a flirt, and she can't quite settle down to being an old maid."

Warner came again to Brookthorpe. It was real estate business this time—some water power to be looked after or disposed of. Perhaps there was no pressing need of his personal presence—but he chose to think so, being haunted by a romantic memory which he was anxious to verify, by a face-to-face interview. And so in the twilight, after the business was really done and out of the way, he walked leisurely up to Miss Howe's home.

A little group of visitors were saying farewell as he came to the gate, and seeing him approaching, she waited on the porch to receive him. She looked a little puzzled for a minute, but when he spoke his name she gave him her hand.

"I am very glad to see you again. We are very unconventional here. Would you rather go into the house or stay here?"

"Here, by all means. And this is your home?"

"This is my home. Do you like Brookthorpe?"

So they slid into talk. There was subject enough in all those European days about which Miss Howe did not talk to her untravelled neighbours. But she did not once mention Munich, except in a passing reference to it as their place of meeting. So the stars came out, and the evening chill settled about them.

"I am staying an unconscionable time," he said, rising.

"I have a photograph—sent me from Florence yesterday. You must stop and see it," and she led the way into the house.

There she lighted the lamp herself, and he took advantage of the interval to study her face and bearing. Quite misunderstanding the scene he had witnessed between her and his friend Frost, and believing her to have been guilty of trifling with that young man, he determined to test her memory.

"You know, of course, that our friend Frost has been abroad these two years, with his wife, whose health has failed."

She gave a little gasp, as one does at a sudden pain. If he had not been watching he would never have known it. She answered steadily enough:

"I didn't know. I haven't known much of Mr. Frost's movements for several years. This is the picture."

"And this the reality," he thought to himself, with his eyes on her. The orange tints of the lamp-light touched her dark face with high relief—made the dusky hair darker, gave deeper shadows to the great eyes.

A month later Warner had more business in town. This time he did not pretend to himself that it was anything else but a desire to see Miss Howe. She had haunted his thoughts persistently, since he said good night and left her standing in the lighted doorway, a picture of pathetic quiet waiting against the brilliant background.

Now it was mid-afternoon. A little colour gathered in her cheek as she entered the room where he waited.

She wore something white and airy, and seemed to him the very embodiment of the summer. It all suited him—the quiet room, the white clad figure. I think Miss Howe guessed something of his mind, though she did not betray the least consciousness.

He came again and again. They were very little visits, sometimes only half an hour in length. They came to a curious relation to each other—a kind of armed neutrality which might end in almost any conceivable way.

She was in the city one day on a shopping expedition. The best of women come to that sometimes.

Miss Howe was one of the kind who do not enjoy such occasions. Moreover, she had her hands full, and had missed her train, reaching the platform just as the train left it.

"Oh, dear!" She stood still and said it, putting all the vexation of the occasion into the two little words.

"Oh, dear," a voice behind her echoed. "Dear Miss Howe, I hope you are not going to cry. Because I've missed it, too, and I feel like something

more forcible in the way of words. We have three hours to wait—did you know?—before the next train."

"Yes, I know," with a tragic downward slide in her voice. "Were you going to Brookthorpe?"

"To Brookthorpe, Miss Howe. I have an idea. It is a charming day for a drive. It is fourteen miles, and the roads are like a floor."

"Yes," waiting for the rest.

"Would Miss Howe honour me with a seat in—whatever vehicle I am able to get, and drive with me to Brookthorpe?"

"Mr. Warner, Miss Howe thinks it would be charming. She would be delighted to accept your invitation."

In half an hour they were spinning out on the level turnpike. They slackened their pace once, beyond the city limits.

The dreamy summer afternoon lay on all the land, late summer with its silent waiting for whatever lies beyond the waning beauty—the frost and desolation. There were little airs and shadows prophetic of September, the first faint gleam of autumn and goldenrod brightening by the brooks.

Warner let the reins fall loosely on the horse's neck. Miss Howe's eyes were worlds away—the mood of the day possessed her. He looked at her as she sat in the sweet completeness of her womanly beauty, and a conclusion that had been haunting him as a thing to fill some vague future presented itself as belonging to the present minute.

"I want to tell you," he said, "I love you."

Miss Howe turned toward him a face that expressed only unqualified surprise. He went on without pause.

"I think I always have loved you since the far off days when I first saw you." I suppose he had not the least idea that he was not telling the truth. Then he waited. As no answer came, he was forced to go on.

"I have come to this against all the resolutions of years. Miss Howe, will you not speak to me?"

"What can I say? Indeed, Mr. Warner, I am not ready to answer you, except to thank you for the honour you have done me."

"I cannot tell you that you are my first love. There was another woman years ago. I think I gave her the best and strongest love of my heart—so strong that when she was false to me I swore never to trust womankind again. You have made me break my vow. I do love you, do trust you, and I want you in my life through all the rest of my years."

Ellinor did not look toward him. Her face was very pale, her eyes very sad.

"I have not distressed you?" he said, beseechingly.

"No, it is not that. I was wondering if I have a heart to give. I had not thought that such words could ever again be spoken to me, that I could ever again be glad to hear them—as I am," turning her face toward him. There were tears in her eyes now.

"So glad that it makes you weep?" an uncertain smile on his own lips.

"It is not that. I, too, have a story. I was engaged to marry Mr. Frost—your friend. He loved some one better than he did me, and married her. I was very sorry. I am not glad yet. It is mutual confession, you see."

"And mutual regard, too?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell you. I mean I must think. I do not want to be sorry again."

"I do not mean you shall be. You shall think as long as you please, only remember that I am waiting."

Ellinor broke the silence that fell.

"And the other woman?"

"I do not know," a sudden shadow on his face.

"I will tell you the whole story. We were engaged. I worshipped her as men do and will such women—a slip of a girl with blue eyes and kittenish ways. I knew she flirted, and thought it the careless, high spirits of a woman too young to understand seriously the bond between us. And then one day—she was gone, and all that remained to me was to make the best of what was left."

"And men do not despise such women?" Ellinor asked, slowly.

"I don't know. I do not despise her. She was young and giddy, and very easily influenced."

Then they did not talk any more. When Ellinor spoke again, it was on some indifferent subject, and her manner had quite its usual calm.

When he left she had promised to give him his answer when he came again a week later.

Events never come singly. With the papers and letters that awaited her was one from Tom Frost. He made no apology for writing her; the circumstances were apology enough. His wife was dead—had died a year before, and he was coming to see her; should follow his letter in two days.

Miss Howe's sad lips shut very firmly. Perhaps Frank Warner's suit could have had no stronger ally than that letter. He had given her no address; she could not put off his proposed visit.

The two intervening days were very thoughtful ones for Ellinor. I think she could not have been just calm when she sat waiting on the second evening.

He came as he had said. She met him with her graceful cordiality that had not the least trace of consciousness or embarrassment in it. He found talking rather hard work.

But his purpose remained. He approached it at last by main strength. Even that did not disturb Miss Howe's serenity.

"Mr. Frost, all that went by, for you and me, long ago. To recur to it can bring only pain to us both."

"I have not so easily forgotten," he said, bitterly.

A lightning flash of temper crossed Miss Howe's face.

"Haven't you? One would have thought your memory less retentive than mine even. But our standards of constancy differ, evidently."

"You are saying this just to torture me. You know I cannot live without you," passionately.

"I am sorry," she began. He interrupted her.

"At least tell me there is no one else."

"You have no right to ask, but since you have, yes, there is some one else."

She gasped a little, having said it. She had committed herself, before her own consciousness, to Frank Warner.

He rose at once.

"Good-night, Miss Howe, and good-bye. I have been foolish and must pay the penalty," with which remark he took himself away.

And Frank Warner came at the appointed time, and was duly and formally accepted.

It was rather a cool proceeding. Perhaps the remembrance of the story each had told the other checked enthusiasms. But after he had gone, Ellinor wondered if it could be possible that she was really going to love over again the happiness she had fancied passed away for ever.

She took it in very sober fashion, but hour by hour and day by day the new, sweet consciousness grew on her. And life grew brighter and more hopeful.

Her face grew younger-looking than it had been even in her palmy days, and when Warner came again, as he did at the end of another fortnight, he saw and told her of the change.

"I am so happy," she said, frankly. "I can't help growing young. I had never dreamed that this could come to me. Do not let me find this, too, a mistake."

"Trust me, darling," and then there followed a very lover-like episode that doesn't tell well on paper.

The summer waned into autumn. The engagement was no secret. Warner came frequently, and the sharp village eyes, wise to mark signs and establish conclusions, found no difficulty in seeing the predetermined end.

Miss Howe was making quiet preparation for a quiet wedding, dreaming over her stitching as any girl of seventeen might have done. And if any shadow fell from the past, it was less for the lost lover, than that she had been so utterly mistaken—a profound self-pity that she had wasted so much of life.

And nothing could have been more tender than Warner's love-making. In those days I think she walked supreme queen in his thoughts.

"I am too happy," she said to him, one evening.

"I live as if I had no ballast of experience against all this sail of blessed comfort in you. People of my years may be allowed figures of speech. Don't leave me, Frank. I shall die if you do."

To which very girlish speech there was but one answer, which he made satisfactorily, it may be supposed.

And while they sat watching the daylight go, a messenger brought her a letter.

It was too dusk to read the address, even. As for its contents, they could be of only secondary importance. So the letter lay unread till after Warner's departure.

It was from a distant cousin, a lady of whom Ellinor knew very little, and for whom she cared nothing at all.

She was young, a widow, and, as Ellinor remembered her, exceedingly pretty. She wanted to come now and pay dear Ellinor a visit—it must be a very short one—but she was wearied with the summer gaieties, and she had heard of her cousin's cosy housekeeping; and if she could spare a tiny corner for her.

Ellinor concocted a reply next morning. She did not want her, of course, but she could not say

so. Just now she had so much rather have had her days quite to herself.

But it was a pretty and civil letter that the noon mail carried away, and before the end of the week Mrs. Gorham had arrived.

She was swathed from head to foot in a linen dust-wrap, and looked travel-sealed and weary. But she was very pretty, very graceful, very girlish, and after an hour or two Ellinor concluded almost too innocent for a young lady who had spent seasons after season at various watering-places.

While she was resting and chatting that evening, they saw Frank Warner's tall form coming up the path in the moonlight. His visit was unexpected. Miss Howe's heart throbbed up into her throat.

"Who is it?" Mrs. Gorham asked.

"Mr. Warner. You will not be too tired to see him?"

"Not to-night, please. I'm so stupid. I shall go to bed very soon, if you don't mind."

Ellinor did not mind, of course.

"Do not mention that I am here, please. I am sure that Mr. Warner is an old acquaintance, and it is so awkward meeting old acquaintances when one has nothing to say."

Miss Howe went out to meet her lover. The hour he spent was so full of plans for their future that Miss Howe forgot all about her guest.

Two days after Warner came again. In the interval Mrs. Gorham had learned, as one could not help doing in so small a household, something of what was impending. Possibly she had not come to Brookthorpe quite ignorant of events.

Ellinor and Frank were standing side by side on the porch. He had not yet entered the house; their first greetings were hardly over. There was a silken rustle behind them, and Warner turned to face Mrs. Gorham.

Ellinor saw him turn deathly white; saw him draw his breath with a hard inspiration. Mrs. Gorham put out her white morsel of a hand, and said something prettily gracious.

She sat down on a low seat while some kind of disjointed talk went on between the two. Mrs. Gorham sustaining it for the most part. With that look on Warner's face, she had read events clearly enough. She recalled a half-forgotten story about Mrs. Gorham's wedding had been an elopement with a man who was fearfully jealous of her afterward, and by no means without cause, reports said. And Frank Warner had been the lover she had left.

But her woman's pride came to the rescue. For the rest of the evening Warner was the only one of the three who was not perfectly at his ease. He kept a kind of dazed, bewildered look on her face, and Ellinor, supernaturally cool, could not help pitying him.

He went away without an opportunity for any special speech with either. Mrs. Gorham went singing upstairs. Ellinor, crouched on the floor in the empty room she had left, tasted again the old bitterness—felt all its waves and billows go over her, and groaned aloud in a tearless agony of pain.

But she showed no trace of the night's watching the next morning, except perhaps that she was more silent than usual. Mrs. Gorham commented on it.

"Yes, I am dull. I always am in view of work that is distasteful. I shall leave you to amuse yourself this morning while I write some letters."

She withdrew to a little room on the lower floor fitted up as a kind of library. With the door locked behind her, she felt tolerably safe from intrusion. There she waited for the interview that must inevitably come.

She heard Warner's step and his voice as he asked for her. She took the opportunity while the girl sought for her to take a fresh grasp on her hurt pride. And even while the summoning tap sounded on her door, she heard Mrs. Gorham's quick feet fly down the stairs.

"Frank!"

"Louise!"

"I have only a minute before she will come. Say you forgive me."

There was a silence.

"I came here on purpose. I knew you would be here. I always loved you even when I left you. Forgive me, Frank!"

Miss Howe hesitated no longer. She opened the door and came at once on the tableau. Mrs. Gorham stood before Frank Warner, her hands on his shoulder, her lovely face with its tear-drowned blue eyes lifted to his. He stood with folded arms looking down on her. Miss Howe did not stop to analyse the expression of his face.

"She is quite right, I think, Mr. Warner. This is the other woman, I suppose. Choose. It would be a pity that Mrs. Gorham should have taken so much trouble for nothing," with haughty bitterness.

"Ellinor," reproachfully. And then he put out his arms to her. "I have chosen," he said.

She came to him, taking his hand in both hers.

"You are free. I will not keep you, if you love her."

"But I do not, and she knows it."

"Miss Howe is easily satisfied," Mrs. Gorham said, with a sneer. "But it will not pay to be over-scrupulous, perhaps, when one's opportunities are likely to be so few."

"I had given you up," Ellinor said, with her face against Warner's shoulder when they were alone.

"And I refused to be given up. Dear Ellinor, there is nothing between us now—not even a memory—is there? For my old friend, Tom Frost, was yesterday bewailing his fate, not knowing that the man he reviled was the one to whom he was confessing."

K. R.

FACETIÆ.

VERY LIKELY.

THE CASE of Russia is asserted to contemplate another visit to the sea as soon as the weather is favourable. His medical advisers think the Turkish coast would suit him best. Perhaps it would.

—Judy.

THE DREAM OF THE BRITISH BUTCHER.

Elate at the state of his trade and his bills, The butcher roused on a batch of long bills In a mood that may well be described as Elysian.

For prices ranged high and thermometers low, So the butcher droused, and in dreamland's glow

Beheld an astonishing vision A bull of a breed that was utterly new To that butcher's experience burst on his view.

It was striped, it was striped, it was dotted and lined In a fashion fantastic, which brought to the mind

The sketches for carvers in cookery books, Or sartorial aids to self-measurement.

"Oh!" Cried that butcherman, crossly. "This certainly looks

Like playing it down very low." (For that bull was pieced over in numerals plain,

And, turtle-like, ticketed ere it was slain) "This practice is perfectly odious.

"What! sixpence a pound? 'Tis too much for my brain!"

(Here the bull gave a bellow melodious)

"Who the dickens are you?" snarled the butcher, "who come

With preposterous prices to puzzle and pain us?"

Said the bull, with a wink, "Well, I'm known, when to him,

As Bos Americus."

"Oh!" yelled the butcher, "that much-talked-of Yankee

That's coming to cut down our profits? No, thanks.

I'm boss of this business, and mean, if I can,

To keep up traditional prices."

Quoth the bull, through his nose, "I don't doubt you, old man,

But you're hardly awake to this crisis of crises.

Smart trick of those canny Scotch fleshers, Dare say

You'd a pot in that pile. But the game's had its day.

My advent is fast getting known to the town;

Like the com to our colonel, you'll have to come down."

"Come down!" yelled the butcher. "A jolly fine joke.

I'll come down on you hot, as you'll presently feel!"

And he went for that bos with his knife and his steel,

But, hoist like a football—awoke, And found he had dropped all his bills in his fright:—

An omen which spoiled his repose for the night.

—Punch.

A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

GENUINE ENTHUSIAST (to his betrothed): "When we wed, Saccharissa, we will shun the vulgar West-

End, and dwell in some old, old wainscoted house in the heart of Soho; we will have no friends that are not fine old English gentlemen of the olden time; no books that have not got nice long 'esses' like 'efs'; our only newspapers shall be those of the past century, and we will laugh at no jokes that are not at least of a hundred years ago. When the gloaming comes we will carol quaint old canzonets, in early French, to an old spinnet that I have my eye upon—quite a bargain—in Wardour street. And see here, Saccharissa; when the candles are lit we will snuff them with this exquisite pair of silver-gilt snuffers which I picked up to-day in a small court near Saint Martin's Lane. Dost thou like the picture?"

SACCHARISSA (whose real name is Sarah—doubtfully): "Ye-e-e-s!" —Punch.

YOUTH AND AGE.

"Youth will be served?" A sporting maxim

Sweetly to adolescence than to age.

Yet Chaplin must have known of many a case

Where aged clippers, famous once for pace,

On their own ground whipped weedy youngsters hollow,

Leading where crows who challenged dared not follow.

If Youth could, as Youth fain would, be severe,

Old Age, indeed, might have fair cause to fear;

But Youth that's raw as rash, untaught, and slow,

May find with Age the pace it cannot go.

The gods love generous greenness, but

On impotence because 'tis puerile;

Or cheek because 'tis callow. Fine, in truth,

To hear glib Hamilton, his verdant youth,

Gird at ripe Age, that's game to give it weight;

And a bad beating. Tipsters, too, elate

When Youth and Age contend, before you wage,

'Twere well to know what Youth, and whose the Age!

"Youth will be served?" Why, yes, when Youth is stout;

But feeble youth may chance to be—served out! —Punch.

DRINK.

A VENERABLE divine, who had been dining out the night before, went into a barber's shop one morning to be shaved. He saw that the barber had been getting more drink than was good for him, for it made his hand shake very much, and naturally a little indignant, he began to give him a little moral advice by saying:

"Bad thing, drink."

"Yes," said the barber, "it makes the skin remarkably tender."

MISAPPREHENSION CORRECTED.

It is a mistake to suppose that every member of the Heavy Gun Committee weighs fourteen stone.

—Judy.

The language to be expected at a street-crossing—

Sweeping remarks. —Judy.

A QUESTION FOR AUCTIONEERS.

LIFE is full of contradictions. For instance, how can a single article ever be a lot.

—Judy.

MR JOHN PALMER appeared one day at a rehearsal in great agitation.

Jack Bannister requested to know what made him so uneasy.

"Why, sir, my puppy of a brother has made as bad a match as he possibly could make. He was married yesterday to a poor, penniless girl of the name of Sharp."

"My dear friend," said Bannister, "I don't see why you should fret so; it was a musical wedding—there was a flat and a sharp."

A SHARP BOY.

LITTLE SWEEPER: "I'll remember the poor sweeper, my noble captain."

OLD GENERAL (to himself): "Egad! I must be looking uncommonly young to be taken for a captain."

Flings the boy a shilling. —Punch.

ALL ABOARD.

Mrs. PEWARY BROWN: "Oh, George, dear! Good Heavens! That the church? I can't possibly go in there."

GEORGE (grimly): "Well, my dear, it certainly does look rather 'low,' judging by the outside; but if the service at St. Spiridon's was a necessity of

your existence why did you insist on our spending the winter in France?" —Punch.

WHEN four woodlarks are allowed to do all the singing in the forest then can our country parish churches afford to depend for singing upon four persons who stand in the organ loft, executing their fugue tune, and torturing good old hymns in the following style:

We'll catch the flea
We'll catch the flea
We'll catch the flea-ting hour.

Pity our pol
Pity our pol
Pity our pol luted souls.

He'll take the pill
He'll take the pill
He'll take the pill-grim home.

MORE KIND CONSIDERATION.

LANDLADY (evidently not up to passing events, who has just let her apartments): "And coals a shilling a scuttle."

LODGER: "A shilling a scuttle! Why, that little tea-scoop thing will want filling a dozen times a day!"

LANDLADY: "Oh, don't mind giving trouble, sir. Jest touch the bell, and the servant will attend to it immediately." —Judy.

ECONOMY.

YOUNG WIFE: "Oh, Arthur, you know the stationer at the corner is selling off, and I have been thinking seriously of what you said the other day about saving money and things, and so I've got all he had left of this year's valentines at half the price we should have had to pay next year, and they'll do just as well to send to my sisters." —Judy.

ONE FOR PEPPER.

THE very last thing to give up—The ghost. —Judy.

A NICE POINT.

A TELEGRAM was recently sent from New York to Liverpool telling us to look out for foul weather. Can you call this giving the Liverpudlians fair warning? —Judy.

THE RIGHT MAN.

THE Chinese ambassador, albeit a man of great talent, is of humble origin, and is said to be the son of a miller. This explains why he was chosen to represent the Floury Land. —Judy.

A WORRYING Kind of Occupation to be Engaged in—Fretwork. —Judy.

Nor a Very Haycrazy Decision after all—The United States Presidential election. —Judy.

A DECIDED OPINION.

PROPRIETOR OF SHOOTINGS (in the course of conversation): "Yes, but you know, Sandy, it's difficult to choose between the Seylla of a shy tenant and the Charybdis of—"

SANDY (promptly): "Awol, gie me the siller, and anybuddy that likes may hae the tither!" —Punch.

SIMPLE ADDITION.

MISS ROSE (who has kindly taken in hand an illiterate housemaid): "'Five and one make six.' That's right. Now, what do one and six make?"

JANE (promptly): "Eight'pence, miss!" —Punch.

HIS 'TEAM.

A CORRESPONDENT attempts to argue in a contemporary that "on the score of humanity, steam on a tramway is preferable to horses." On the score of fact, we beg to add that whenever we have travelled we have noticed the steam on the horses and not the tramway, so we incline to his views. —Fun.

LOOK WHAT WE'VE GOT.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN and Mr. W. S. Gilbert have each of them generously presented a cot to the Hospital for Children. When the little occupants are tired they will find the one a good composer, and the other a graceful gift from one "Bab" to another. —Fun.

STATISTICS.

ON December 28th the British steamship King Arthur departed from New Haven harbour, having cleared from Constantine direct, and took with her the following munitions of war for the Turkish Government: 10,080,000 cartridges, 10,000,000 bullets, 10,000,000 Martini-Henry shells, 40,600 guns, 40,000 scabbards, 50,000,000 gun-wads, and 48

packages of miscellaneous merchandise. The total value of the cargo was 1,344,000 dols., being the most valuable cargo ever taken out of New Haven.

It is said that forty new field batteries are to be raised; each, however, to have a peace establishment of only four guns. This would give us, with the horse and field batteries already existing, somewhere about two-thirds of the force of Field Artillery contemplated by the Mobilisation Scheme, and would, no doubt, be so far satisfactory.

A SAILOR'S HOME, which was built to commemorate the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh, has just been opened in Bombay by the Viceroy. It was used during last year as a hospital for Europeans.

AN OLD MAN'S TREASURES.

One day while rambling through a wood
I met an aged man,
Whose hair was white, whose lengthened
years
Had reached th' allotted span.
"Tis many years ago," he said,
"On this same spot I stood,
For our familiar trysting-place
Was in this little wood.

"Never did birds more sweetly sing
Than on that happy day,
Never did sweeter breezes blow
And with the green leaves play;
For here upon this self-same spot
Where we are standing now
She gave to me a sacred pledge—
Her solemn marriage vow.

"And when her twentieth birthday came
I won her willing hand;
No happier groom than I e'er lived
In all the happy land.
We had our share of happiness
Through many precious years,
We had our pleasures and our griefs,
Our sunshine and our tears.

"One day the church-bell slowly tolled—
'Twas my life's saddest day,
For she who gave that marriage vow
In death had passed away;
And many a snowy sheet has lain
Upon her grave since then,
And many a summer flower has died
To blossom there again.

"But partings sad are sure to come,
And smiles will turn to tears,
And skies are not all cloudless skies
That crown the passing years;
Yet faith in heaven and life to come
Brought me a calm relief,
And taught me how to be resigned
And hallowed by my grief.

"I saw my boy to manhood grow
And win th' applause of men—
Oh, how supreme was that delight
Which filled my proud heart then;
I saw beside the altar stand
My daughter as she stood
Who gave to me that marriage vow
Here in this little wood.

"They are my treasures now," he said,
"And as life's close I near
They give me hope and happiness.
And comfort warm with cheer."
He shook me kindly by the hand
And said as we did part:
"No dearer treasures ever brought
Peace to an old man's heart."

C. D.

GEMS.

PLEASURE which cannot be obtained but by unreasonable or unsuitable expense must always end in pain, and pleasure which must be enjoyed at the expense of another's pain, can never be such as a worthy mind can delight in.

There is only one thing worse than ignorance, and that is conceit. Of all intractable fools, an overwise man is the worst. You may cause idiots to philosophise—you may coax donkeys to forego thistles—but don't ever think of driving common sense into the head of a conceited person.

Be always frank and true; spurn every sort of

affectation and disguise. Have the courage to confess your ignorance and awkwardness. Confide your faults and follies to but few.

Real greatness has nothing to do with a man's sphere. It does not lie in the magnitude of his outward agency. Perhaps the greatest in our city at this moment are buried in obscurity.

An envious man repines as much at the manner in which his neighbours live as if he maintained them.

It is best not to be angry; and best in the next place to be quickly reconciled.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

COLD BATHING.—In summer or winter we detest it, except it be to jump into a river, plunge about for two or three seconds, and then dress, and walk home as hastily as possible. All animate nature, except the hydre, instinctively shrinks from the application of cold water, if in health. Everybody knows that cold water cannot wash the hands clean, and yet whole tones are scribbled about the purifying effects of cold water. Cold water kills more than it cures. Hundreds of children are killed every year by fanatical mothers bathing them, head and ears, in cold water.

THE BEST HAIR-WASH.—Make half a pint of soap-suds with pure white soap and warm water, on rising any morning; but before applying it brush the whole scalp well, while the hair is perfectly dry, with the very best Russia bristle brush, scrub back and forth with a will; let not any portion of the surface escape. When brushing the top and front lean forward, that the particles may fall. After this operation is finished strike the ends of the thistles on the hearth or on a board, next pass the coarse part of the comb through the bristles; next, brush or flap the hair back and forth with the hand until no dust is seen to fall; then with the balls of the fingers dipped in the soap-suds rub the fluid into the scalp and about the roots of the hair; do this patiently and thoroughly. Finally, rinse with clear water, and absorb as much of the water from the hair as possible with a dry cloth; then (after allowing the hair to dry a little more by evaporation, but not to dry entirely) dress it as usual, always, under all circumstances, passing the comb through the hair slowly and gently, so as not to break anyone off, or tear out anyone by the roots. By this operation the alkali of the soap unites with the natural oil of the hair, and leaves it perfectly clean and beautifully silken, and with cold water washings of the whole head and neck and ears every morning, it will soon be found that the hair will "dress" as handsomely as if "oiled to perfection," with the great advantage of conscious cleanliness, giving, too, the general appearance of a greater profusion of hair than when it is plastered flat on the scalp, with variously scented oil or fat, as is the common custom.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AT Cambridge, recently, Mr. J. Gibb, of the London Athletic Club, ran three miles in fourteen minutes and forty-six seconds, in competition on the University athletic field. This is the fastest amateur time on record for the distance.

A COMPANY has been started with a nominal capital of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to open stores in various parts of London, for the sale of American and Scotch meat and poultry. A central store is to be opened near Victoria Station, and other stores elsewhere as may be necessary. The society is called the Civil Service Meat Supply Association, but the patrons and the managing directors are all naval and military officers.

DIFFERENT MOULDS.—Men were not intended to be cast in one mould. Every human being has a work to carry off within, duties to perform abroad, influence to exert, which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach. Let him not enslave his conscience to others, but act with the freedom, strength and dignity of one whose highest law is in his own breast.

THE PEACH.—Originally, the peach was a poisonous almond. In olden times its fleshy parts were used to poison arrows, and it was for this purpose introduced into Persia. The transportation and cultivation not only removed its poisonous properties, but produced the delicious fruit which we now enjoy in its season.

CONTENTS.

Page	Page	Page
MORLEY GRANGE; OR, DICK MARSTON'S ATONEMENT ... 505	FACETIE ... 526	ALF and BOB, two seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two young ladies. Alf is twenty, good-looking, medium height. Ben is nineteen, brown hair, blue eyes, and dark.
THE USES OF BEAUTY PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS SUNNY ROOMS AND SUNNY LIVES ... 508	STATISTICS ... 527	M. L. and JACK, two seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two young ladies. M. L. is twenty-four, brown hair, blue eyes, considered good-looking. Jack is twenty-three, considered good-looking, black hair, dark eyes, and of a very loving disposition. They must be tall, dark, good-tempered, and about their own age.
LOVE OF FLOWERS ... 508	GAMES ... 527	EMILY B., seventeen, dark, fond of home, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man. Must be about nineteen, tall, dark, handsome, fond of society.
WHY SHE FORSOOK HIM; OR, THE SECRET OF HER BIRTH ... 509	MISCELLANEOUS ... 527	M. Y. and K. Y., two friends, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with two young men. M. Y. is nineteen, medium height, good-looking. K. Y. is twenty-two, tall, dark. Respondents must be good-looking, and fond of music.
THE EVIL OF HURRY TEARS ... 511	HOUSEHOLD TALK SUNSHINE ... 528	M. W. and T. M., two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. M. W. is twenty-five, tall, of a loving disposition. T. M. is twenty-two, both are educated.
RICHARD PEMBERTON; OR, THE SELF-MADE JUDGE ... 511	CORRESPONDENCE ... 528	G. C. and A. S., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. G. C. is twenty-two, medium height, dark. A. S. is twenty-one, medium height, fair.
BRAINS ... 513	HIS EVIL GENIUS commenced in ... 700	L. M. and M. W., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies, with a view to matrimony. L. M. is twenty-eight, brown curly hair, brown eyes, dark, and fond of home. M. W. is twenty-seven, medium height.
HIS EVIL GENIUS ... 513	RICHARD PEMBERTON; OR, THE SELF-MADE JUDGE, commenced in ... 708	A HAPPY SOLDIER, twenty-five, good-looking, tall, fond of home, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty.
DREAM JOY ... 513	WHY SHE FORSOOK HIM; OR, THE SECRET OF HER BIRTH, commenced in ... 712	
THE GOLDEN BOWL ... 514	THE GOLDEN BOWL commenced in ... 719	
DUBLIN DAN; OR, THE ROSE OF BALTHOOL LAW ... 517	MORLEY GRANGE; OR, DICK MARSTON'S ATONEMENT, commenced in ... 722	
SCIENCE ... 519	THE FOREST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S RE- PENTANCE ... 520	
HUMILITY ... 519	DOMESTIC QUARREL ... 521	
THE FOREST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S RE- PENTANCE ... 520	LEAF GREY ... 522	
DOMESTIC QUARREL ... 521	ELLINOR HOWE'S LAST LOVE ... 523	
LEAF GREY ... 522		
ELLINOR HOWE'S LAST LOVE ... 523		

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H.—More than a quarter if the vehicle is rigid and the load equally distributed.

A. Y.—You can construct an instrument with an ordinary builder's level that will enable you to get the right. As such matters are discussed in special treatises, and would occupy too much space for these columns, we must refer you to some good book on the subject. There is a cheap level in the market, which is accompanied by full directions for use.

A. B.—Circumferential velocity, 1,800 to 2,000 feet per minute.

BILL.—If you have a strong draft you may gain something by the change.

BOB.—The first. ALFRED M.—1. Under the grates. 2. About 60 lbs. 3. The cross section of the chimney should not be less than about one-fifth of the grate surface.

JOHN.—Based on actual test. D. E.—The machine will be suitable for a boat from eighteen to thirty feet long. Use one twenty or twenty-four inches in diameter with three feet pitch.

M. W.—In order to obtain good crystals of K I, it is necessary that the crystallisation should proceed very slowly in a cool place, and under a good vacuum. The best results are obtained when large quantities of the materials are operated upon at once. The solution of the iodide should be as neutral as possible.

E. M.—The larger scraps might possibly be utilised for small inland work. Send us a few of the scraps and we may possibly be able to suggest some other application.

W. J.—There are methods by which it might be accomplished, but we cannot recommend any of them.

F. M.—The bank you name we believe to be a very safe place for the deposit of money.

LUELIN.—There would be no impropriety in writing to the gentleman as a friend, but after having informed him that you did not wish to keep steady company with any one you could not reasonably expect him to call upon you or invite you out, as had been his custom.

M. L.—When a person addresses another by mistake and apologies for so doing, the party addressed may answer by a bow and "You are excusable," or "Certainly, your apology is accepted," &c.

JOE asks: "If there is any particular way of proposing to a young lady." There are many ways of proposing, and each are peculiar to the individual case. If the lady is of a sober, sedate disposition he will approach the subject with solemnity. If she is of a lively temperament a joke may be made of the affair. If sentimental, he may quote poetry and endeavour to make it a matter of romance. In any case a gentleman need not be refused if he has any discernment.

JIM.—The third finger of the left hand is used by the English people as the engagement finger, but by most Americans the first finger is the one on which the engagement ring is worn. The ring need not have any initial, but, if desired, the party presenting the ring may have his initials, and also the initials of the lady. The date may also be engraved.

GEV.—Wearing a diamond ring on the third finger of the left hand, a plain ring on the third finger of the right hand, need not necessarily have any signification. However, some ladies wear their engagement ring on the third finger of the left hand because it is less conspicuous than being worn upon the first finger of the same hand. Rings worn upon the right hand may be merely as ornaments or tokens of friendship.

E. S.—You did all that etiquette required when you accompanied the lady home.

IN THE GARDEN.

It was evening, and we wandered
Slowly to the river-side,
Stood there dreamily and pondered
Gazing on the rushing tide.

Little said we; but the river
Babbled saucily to me,
"Courage, faint heart; faint heart never
Won the love of fair lady."

Then we turned and paced together
Up and down the gravelled way;
Spoke one word about the weather,
Neither knowing what to say.

Then deep silence, for I could not
Break it with the word I would;
And it was so sweet I would not
Break it in the way I could—

Till the passion-storm of feeling
Could no longer be controlled,
And in halting, but appealing
Words, to her my love I told.

But she spoke not, and half dreading,
Half in hope, I spoke again;
Turned and saw a smile o'er-spreading
All her countenance, and then

Casting forth all fear, and taking
In my own her yielded hand,
Felt that she was shyly making
Answer to my love's demand.

And in trembling gladness drew her
Blushing to my heart, and pressed
Her sweet lips. Oh, happy wooer,
Who in wooing thus is blest.

K. M.

ALF and TIM, two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Alf is twenty-three, black hair, blue eyes, and medium height, of a loving disposition. Tim is twenty-four, medium height, auburn hair, blue eyes. Respondents must be of loving dispositions, dark, and fond of home and children.

H. T. M., twenty-three, brown hair, black eyes, accomplished, would like to correspond with a young lady, with a view to matrimony. Must be twenty-two, thoroughly domesticated.

ANNIE L., eighteen, tall, fond of home and children, fair, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a gentleman about twenty-eight.

ALF and BEN, two seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two ladies, who must be tall, medium height, dark, and of loving dispositions. Alf is twenty-five, considered handsome, good-tempered, dark complexion, light hair, and light blue eyes. Ben is twenty-six, considered good-looking, medium height, of a loving disposition.

NELLIE S., twenty-two, would like to correspond with a gentleman who must be tall, fair, rich, and of a loving disposition.

A. D., thirty-five, good-looking, medium height, blue eyes, brown hair, would like to correspond with a lady about thirty-three. Widow not objected to. Must be affectionate.

J. J., a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-three, dark, hazel eyes, medium height, would like to correspond with a young woman about twenty, medium height, dark, good-looking.

A. C. and ADA S. wish to correspond with two young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. A. C. is seven-

teen, dark hair and eyes. ADA S. is eighteen, dark hair, and blue eyes. Respondents must be between eighteen and twenty-two.

JACK D., a stoker in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady about nineteen, dark, grey eyes. He is twenty-one, medium height, brown hair, hazel eyes.

LAUGHING JANEY, eighteen, brown hair, brown eyes, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman between eighteen and nineteen. Respondent must be fond of home, medium height, good-looking, dark hair, hazel eyes.

LAUGHING KATE and LOVING ANNIE would like to exchange carte-de-visites with two young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. Kate is tall, good-looking, blue eyes, and fond of music. Annie is tall, dark, good-looking, brown hair, brown eyes.

A. B., twenty-two, good-looking, dark hair, and eyes, fond of music, and of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young lady who must be in a good position.

BLACK HAT, OILSKIN, and UNIFORM BOWS, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies. Black Hat is twenty-one, good-looking. Oilskin is twenty-one, fair, hazel eyes, fond of home and music. Uniform Bows is twenty, dark brown eyes, fond of home.

V. E. D., twenty, fair, good-looking, would like to receive carte-de-visite of a young lady between seventeen and eighteen. Respondent must be good-looking, of a loving disposition.

FRANCES and MAUD, two friends, would like to receive carte-de-visites of two young gentlemen. Frances is twenty, tall, light hair, blue eyes. Maud is twenty-four, tall, brown hair, blue eyes. They are both good-looking. Tradesmen preferred.

B. F., twenty-two, light brown hair, dark brown eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady between eighteen and twenty-three. Respondents must be in a good position.

EDITH, nineteen, auburn hair, brown eyes, good-looking, would like to correspond with a fair, good-looking young man, fond of home and music.

M. C. M., a seaman in the Royal Navy, thirty-six, fair, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. She must be about twenty-nine, fond of home.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED;

BIANCA is responded to by—Tom D., nineteen, good-looking, dark hair.

Tom by—Alice, twenty, dark hair and eyes, fair, and of a loving disposition.

AURICULAR by—C. F. B., twenty-four, tall, considered good-looking.

ALICE by—Crotchet, fair, medium height.

ELKANAH by—Quaver, tall and dark.

CHARLES by—Gerty B., twenty-five, dark, thoroughly domesticated.

H. P. by—K. T., considered good-looking, medium height, brown hair, dark blue eyes, and of a loving disposition.

M. M. by—Annie, twenty-two.

A. H. M. by—Amy, eighteen, medium height, thinks she is all he requires.

VIOLIN by—Cathead, a sailor in the Royal Navy, fair, tall, curly hair, of a loving disposition. Thinks he is all she requires.

TOM by—Mary, nineteen, good-looking, fair, medium height.

M. M. by—Annie, seventeen.

ENMA by—Michael, nineteen, light hair, grey eyes, and fond of home.

T. M. by—Nellie, sixteen, light hair, hazel eyes, fond of home and children.

ALL the BACK NUMBERS, PARTS, and VOLUMES of the "LONDON READER" are in print, and may be had at the Office, 334, Strand; or will be sent to any part of the United Kingdom Post-free for Three-halfpence, Eightpence, and Five Shillings and Eightpence each.

THE LONDON READER, Post-free, Three-halfpence Weekly; or Quarterly One Shilling and Eightpence.

LIFE and FASHION, Vols. 1 and 2, Price Seven Shillings and Sixpence each.

EVERYBODY'S JOURNAL, Parts 1 to 4, Price Threepence each.

*. New Ready Vol. XXVII. of THE LONDON READER Price 4s. 6d.

Also, the TITLE and INDEX to Vol. XXVII., Price One Penny.

NOTICE.—Part 129 (March) Now Ready, Price Sixpence. Post Free, Eightpence.

N.B.—CORRESPONDENTS MUST ADDRESS THEIR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON READER," 334, Strand, W.C.

†† We cannot undertake to return rejected Manuscripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

London: Published for the Proprietors at 334, Strand, by A. SMITH & CO.